3. 14 o. 520 KIRKMAN (Francis) Wits or Sport upon Sport, being a curious Collection of several Drols and Farces at Bartholomew and other Faires, on Mountebanck Stages and other Places, written I know not when, by several Persons I know not who, but now newly collected by your old Friend to please you . *Printed for F. Kirkman*, 1673

Sotheby May 21, 1857.

*** A beautiful copy of an extremely rare edition, undescribed either in Lowndes or in the Biog. Dramat. It includes the "Merry conceited Humours of Bottom the Weaver," founded on the comic parts of the Midsummer Night's Dream.

Accessions 151.527

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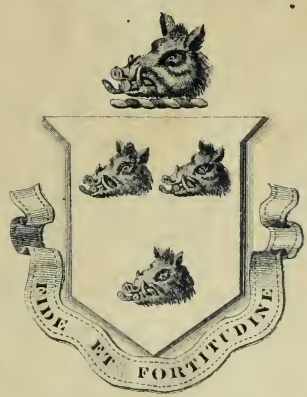

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

THE

WITS,

OR,

SPORT upon SPORT.

BEING A

Curious Collection of several

DROLS and FARCES,

Presented and Shewn

For the

MERRIMENT and DELIGHT

OF

Wise Men, and the Ignorant:

As they have been sundry times Acted

In Publique, and Private,

In *LONDON* at *BARTHOLOMEW* } FAIRES.
In the Countrey at other }
In HALLS and TAVERNS.
On several MOUNTEBANCKS STAGES,
At *Charing Cross*, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and other places.

BY

Several Stroleing PLAYERS,
FOOLS, and FIDLERS,
And the Mountebancks ZANIES.

With loud Laughter, and great Applause.

Written I know not when, by several Persons, I know not who;
But now newly Collected by your Old Friend to please you,
FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

London, Printed for *Fran. Kirkman*, and are to be Sold by most Book-Sellers. 1673.

151,527
May. 1873
Thomas Bennett Barton

The Preface.

Epistles and Prefaces have of late been so much in fashion, that very few Dramatick Poems, Vulgarly called Plays, have been published, but what have been Ushered by those Customary Apologies; and so much Art and Learning have been used in them, that oftentimes a greater part of the Book *hath been taken up in their composition. The intent of which Prefacing hath been alike in all to vindicate and justifie their own manner of writing, and decry others: Some have been wholly for Prose, and others for Verse; some for serious Language, and others for Farce; but all agree in this: That Plays are but Diversions in what kind soever understood. This hath been the Custom and Opinion of others. Now, lest I should appear ignorant of the fashion, and thought uncapable to follow it, I am obliged to say somewhat too; but since I resolve against any long Learned Discourse, I shall only give you a taste of my Experience, which I hope may be as divertive and pleasant.*

The most part of these Pieces were written by such Penmen as were known to be the ablest Artists that ever this Nation produced, by Name, Shake-spear, Fletcher, Johnson, Shirley, *and others; and these Collections are the very Souls of their writings, if the witty part thereof may be so termed: And the other small Pieces composed by several other Authors are such as have been of great fame in this last* Age. *When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the Actors forbidden to present us with any of their Tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest; and Comedies, because the Vices of the* Age *were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert our selves with were these humours and pieces of Plays, which passing under the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called* Bottom

the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, *or some such Title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the like; and these being all that was permitted us; great was the confluence of the Auditors; and these small things were as profitable, and as great get-pennies to the* Actors *as any of our late famed Plays. I have seen the* Red Bull *Play-House, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entred; and as meanly as you may now think of these Drols, they were then Acted by the best Comedians then and now in being; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now Living, by Name, the incomparable* Robert Cox, *who was not only the principal Actor, but also the Contriver and Author of most of these Farces. How have I heard him cryed up for his* John Swabber, *and* Simpleton the Smith? *In which he being to appear with a large piece of Bread and* Butter, *I have frequently known several of the Female Spectators and Auditors to long for some of it: And once that well known Natural* Jack Adams *of* Clarkenwel, *seeing him with* Bread and Butter *on the Stage, and knowing him, cryed out, Cuz, Cuz, give me some, give me some; to the great pleasure of the Audience: And so Naturally did he Act the Smiths part, that being at a Fair in a Countrey Town, and that Farce being presented, the only Master Smith of the Town came to him, saying, well, although your* Father *speaks so ill of you, yet when the* Fair *is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more then I give any other Journey-Man. Thus was he taken for a Smith bred, that was indeed as much of any Trade.*

And as he pleas'd the City and Countrey, so the Universities had a sight of him, and very well esteemed he was by the Learned, but more particularly by the Butler of one of those Colledges, who liking his Acting, and finding that those Representations were defective for want of a Prologue, *he*

he being a dabler in Poetry, *would needs write one, part of which I remember to be thus.*

Courteous Spectators, we are your Relators,
Neither Tylers nor Slators, nor your Vexators,
But such who will strive to please,
While you sit at your ease,
And speak such words as may be spoken,
And not by any be mistoken, *Cætera desiderantur, &c.*

Although I question not but the University afforded good wits, and such as were well skilled in Poetry, *yet this was the best our* Butler *was infected with, which* Robert Cox *did speak, not as a* Prologue *at the beginning, but as a Droll in the middle of what he then Acted.*

Thus were these Compositions liked and approved by all, and they were the fittest for the Actors *to Represent, there being little Cost in Cloaths, which often were in great danger to be seiz'd by the then Souldiers; who, as the* Poet *says,* Enter the Red Coat, Exit Hat and Cloak, *was very true, not only in the* Audience, *but the* Actors *too, were commonly, not only strip'd, but many times imprisoned, till they paid such Ransom as the Souldiers would impose upon them; so that it was hazardous to Act any thing that required any good Cloaths, instead of which painted Cloath many times served the turn to represent Rich Habits. Indeed* Poetry *and* Painting *are of Kin, being the effects of fancy, and one oftentimes helps the other, as in our ingenious and Rich Scenes, which shew to the Eye what the* Actors *represent to the Ear; and this* Painting *puts me in mind of a piece I once saw in a Country Inn, where was with the best skill of the Work-man represented King* Pharaoh, *with* Moses *and* Aaron, *and some others, to explain which figures, was added this piece of* Poetry.

Here *Pharaoh* with his Goggle Eyes does stare on
The High-Priest *Moses*, with the Prophet *Aaron*.

Why,

Why, what a Rascal
Was he that would not let the People go to eat the Phas-
cal?

The Painting *was every wayes as defective and lame as the* Poetry, *for I believe he who pictured King* Pharaoh, *had never seen a King in his Life, for all the Majesty he was represented with was goggle Eyes, that his* Picture *might be answerable to the Verse. But enough of this Story, which pleasing me, I must confess, I have forced in here, hoping it will please you too, and then I have my ends.*

And now I will address my self to my particular Readers, and conclude. Besides *those who read these sort of* Books *for their pleasure, there are some who do it for profit, such as are young* Players, Fidlers, *&c. As for those* Players *who intend to wander and go a stroleing, this very* Book, *and a few ordinary properties is enough to set them up, and get money in any Town in* England. *And* Fidlers *purchacing of this* Book *have a sufficient stock for all Feasts and Entertainments. And if the Mountebanck will but carry this* Book, *and three or four young* Fellows *to Act what is here set down for them, it will most certainly draw in Auditors enough, who must needs purchce their Drugs,* Potions, *and* Balsoms. *This* Book *also is of great use at Sea, as well as on Land, for the merry Saylors in long Voyages, to the East or West Indies; and for a Chamber* Book *in general it is most necessary to make* Physick *work, and cease the pains of all Diseases; being of so great use to all sorts and Sexes, I hope you will not fail to purchace it, and thereby you will oblige*

Your Friend,

Fra. Kirkman.

The exact price of this Book ſtitch'd is 1 *s.* and if you like your penny-worth, and the Subject ſo well, that you are deſirous of more of the ſame, the Book-ſeller can furniſh you with a further Collection of moſt ingenious Drolls, containing all that is here, and about twice as much more bound together in one Volume, in Octavo; price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

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The Famous and Delectable Hiſtory of *Don Bellianis of Greece*, or *The Honour of Chivalry*; the firſt, ſecond, and third parts bound together, in Quarto; price 2 *s.* 6 *d.*

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in

in Halls and Taverns, on several Mountebancks Stages at *Charing-Cross*, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and other places; By several stroleing Players, Fools, and Fidlers, and the Mountebancks Zanies, with loud Laughter, and great Applause: VVritten I know not when, by several Persons, I know not who; but now newly Collected by your Old Friend to please you, *Fra. Kirkman*; in Quarto: price stitcht 1 s. Or more at large, in Octavo; price bound 2 s. 6 d.

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THE

The Black Man.

The Actors Names.

Black Man.
Thumpkin.
Two Gentlemen.
Bruſh.
Suſan.

Enter Thumpkin *and* Suſan.

Thump. SWeet *Suſan* remember the words I have ſaid.

Suſ. I'le reſt on my *Thumpkin*, I'le do as I may.

Thump. Then ſoon in the night I will come to thy Bed,
And ſpend the whole time in ſweet pleaſure and play.
I'le chace thee.

Suſ. I'le embrace thee, my Love and delight.

Thump. And ſpend the whole time in ſweet ſports of the night.

Suſ. But what if you afterwards ſhould me miſlike;
And not be contented to make me your Wife.

Thump. Ne're fear, I will ſtand to it if I do ſtrike,
Although, *Sue*, it coſt poor *Thumpkin* his Life.
I will love thee.

Suſ. I will prove thee, who-ever ſays no.

Thump. Jog on then, my pretty *Suſan*; come, *Sue*, let us go.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Y'are well over-taken, Sir; whither ſo faſt?

2. *Gent.* H'as got him a pretty Companion beſide.

Thump. I'm jogging hard by, Sir.

1. *Gent.* Pray make not ſuch haſte. Are you the Groom, Sir, and this your fair Bride?

Thump. Why I, Sir.

2. *Gent.* You lye, Sir.

Thump. What a pox mean you by this?

1. *Gent.* Then ſee, Sir, we'l ſee, Sir, your Laſs with a kiſs.

Thump. I thought your chaps water'd: Come, *Sue*, let us go,
W'ave paid for our paſſage, and now we are free.
2. *Gent.* Nay, ſoft, Sir, a while, it muſt not be ſo,
You may go if you pleaſe, but your Laſs ſtays with me.
Thump. Alas, Sir.
1. *Gent.* No paſs, Sir, by this hand I proteſt;
I ſpeak now in earneſt, I mean not in Jeſt.
Thump. In Jeſt, or in Earneſt, I care not a pin;
'Tis not you bravado's ſhall bear her away.
2. *Gent.* Now ſoft, Brother *Roger*, pray what doth he mean?
1. *Gent.* Perhaps in his Valour ſhew ſome bloody Fray.
Thump. O no, Sir.
2. *Gent.* Why ſo, Sir?
Thump. I mean not to fight.
1. *Gent.* Then pack, Sir; your back, Sir; get out of our ſight.
[*Exit* Thumpkin.
2. *Gent.* Come, Sweet-heart, look not ſo ſadly,
All for the loſs of a Countrey Clown;
Prethee look merrily,
Prethee look chearily,
Caſt away cares, and ſorrow down.
Suſ. How can I look merrily?
How can I look chearily?
All in the abſence of my Dear:
I cannot look merrily,
No, nor chearily,
Since my true Love is not hear.
1. *Gent.* Hold thee contented, thou ſhalt have thy liking;
We but for kindneſs put in for a ſhare:
Thou ſhalt get no harm by our ſtriking,
We'l play fair, and ſtake fair, and play ware for ware.
Enter Thumpkin.
Thump. As ye came from *Walſingham* ſaw ye not my Dear?
2. *Gent.* Truly Aged Father, no.
Thump. Ye lye, ye Rogues, ſhe's here. [*Aſide.*
She was as fair as fair might be, and of a comely hue.
1. *Gent.* Oh, ſuch a Laſs for my money.
Thump. More Whoring Rogue are you. [*Aſide.*
2. *Gent.* Prethee ſweet, give me thy hand;
Say, Deareſt, wilt be mine?
1. *Gent.* Nay,

1. *Gent.* Nay, ſoft, my Friend, that muſt not be;
I will not yield her thine.
2. *Gent.* Sweet, by this Old Man ſtand thou then,
Whilſt he and I do try
Which ſhall bear the prize away. [*They fight.*
Thump. And that I hope ſhall I. [*Aſide.*
And art thou here my own ſweet heart?
Suſ. Who is this I ſee?
Thump. I am thy *Thumpkin* ſtiff and ſtout,
Who hath fool'd them bravely.
Suſ. Nimbly then let us be gone,
Without all delay;
Thump. Whilſt they are fighting for the Bone,
I will bear the prize away. [*Exeunt.*
1. *Gent.* But ſoft, my Friend, why do we fight?
S'death, where is the VVench?
2. *Gent.* This Leacherous gray-beard hath us beguil'd,
And away hath born her hence.
1. *Gent.* Then let's like Lightning him purſue,
And for this Treacherous part,
VVe'l give the gray-beard Rogue his due,
S'death, I am vext at heart. [*Exeunt, loſing the Wench.*

Enter Thumpkin *and* Suſan.

Thump. Jog on, my pretty *Suſan*;
How lik'ſt thou my device?
I think I over-reach'd the Rogues,
And gull'd them in a trice.
Suſ. Thy wit has got my Liberty,
And freed me from all woe.
Thump. Jog on, Jog on, my pretty *Sue*;
Come, *Suſan*, let us go.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* You are well over-taken, Sir.
I'm glad I've found you out.
Thump. O woe is me, O woe is me;
They'l hang me out of doubt.
Look how my back-ſide trembles, and
See how my buttocks quake:
O woe is me, O woe is me,
VVhat Excuſe ſhall I make?

2, *Gent.* None at all, Sir; here's part of a Mornings purchase for you, get up.

[*They set him on a stool with a sheet about him, like a Ghost.*

1. *Gent.* In this same plight, Sir, thus disguis'd,
A mumming you must go.

Thump. I never got a VVench with Child,
VVhy should you use me so?

1. *Gent.* No matter for your Wenching, Sir, if any body come,
Remember 'tis our will, that still you answer all with mum.

Thump. But how if any Body, Sir,
Should ask me what's a Clock?

1. *Gent.* Then answer them with mum, you Slave.

Thump. Then they will think I mock.

2. *Gent.* No matter for their thinking, Sir,
If any body come;
Remember still, it is our will,
You answer all with mum.

Thump. Mum, mum; *Sue, Sue,* mum.

1. *Gent.* Mum, you Slave. [*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

Enter Brush.

Brush. Come buy a Brush --- Buy a Brush for your Cloaths,
To keep them from the dust and Moths;
Handsill I will not forsake,
Lucky money I would take.
Come buy a Brush, on Table-Book, will ye buy a Brush ——

Thump. Mum ——

Brush. VVhat is this I do behold?
All my Joynts do quake with cold;
'Tis the Spirit of some lewd Knave,
Newly risen from his Grave:
And wandring from his home, doth fright
Those that walk i'th' dead of Night.
Gentle Spirit, tell to some
The cause of thy appearance ——

Thump. Mum.

Brush. 'Tis a gentle Ghost I see,
He and I shall soon agree;
*I'*le Barter all the ware *I've* here
For Bottle Ale, and double Beer.
Come, come, come, to the next Red Lettice let us ——

Thump. Mum.

Thump. Mum.

Bruſh. What, nothing but mum: Mum by your ſelf, and be hang'd if you will. [*Exit running.*

Thump. O woe is me, was ever Man thus croſt?
In this poor plight my wits I've almoſt loſt.
My pretty *Sue*
I bid adieu:
And here like one that's dumb;
In this ſad plight,
Much like a ſpright;
Muſt anſwer all with mum.
But 'tis no matter ———
I'le turn my mum to ho, ho, ho;
And fright the next doth come or go.

Enter Black Man.

Black. Black I do cry,
Will you any of me buy?
Look on my Wares, and view them well; Cloaths I do want, and my money it is ſcant, and my Trade, pox on't, is but poor and bare. Buy black, buy my black Ware. Maidens if you will come and try your skill; I have black, buy my black, the beſt you e're did lack; come, a ſwop, a ſwop; be it old Boots, or Shooes, handſil not refuſe. Come buy my black Tinder-box; what is't you lack? How long ſhall I call and cry, e're handſil I take: Maidens buy, buy, buy; but ah to me, what's this I ſee? My mirth and glee is turn'd to grief.

Thump. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Black. Oh, gentle ſpright, thy ghaſtly ſight does me affright, what ſhall I do? ———

Thump. Man, forbear this place,
For none to hurt I ſeek;
Let not my ſhadow chace
Thy countenance from thy cheek.
Then Man forbear, this Garment wear, to all that comes or goes, to thy beſt skill, perform my will, by anſwering all with Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Who's that, Old Houſe?

Black. What *Thumpkin*? Old Houſe do's call me? If I had been an Old Houſe thou hadſt ſhaken me to pieces e're this; I'm ſure the Gable end of my Houſe began to open in the

the Joice. But why did you fright me so, *Thumpkin*?

Thump. Ah, Old House, I have had the worst luck. Didst thou not know my Sweet-heart?

Black. What, *Sue*, at the Church stile?

Thump. I, the same; a couple of Cony-catching Rascals have stoln her from me.

Black. What, were they Butchers, or Rabbet-men.

Thump. They might be Butchers by their slippery tricks, but I take them to be Gentlemen, Cony-catchers, Smell-smocks, Tear-plackets. Now, Old House, if thou wilt help me to get her again, thou shalt have her Maiden-head, if thou canst get it.

Black. Sayst thou so? Well, a match if it stand. But what must I do?

Thump. Why, do you take this Sheet, and do as I did.

Black. I, but who shall cry my Black?

Thump. Why, that will I; now hear. Come buy my black, dilicate black, who buys my black, dainty fine white black, come buy my black. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Our Sentinel keeps well his standing. *Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* But has not done to our commanding. *Bla.* Ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.* Wherefore did he leave his mumming?

Black. Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* The reason was of our not coming. *Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.* This House is haunted surely, Brother.

Black. Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* See, here comes just such another. [*Enter* Thumpkin.

1. *Gent.* Brother, I think it is the Devil. *Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

Black. Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* He's come to plague us for our evil.

Black. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. [*Jumps off the Stool.*

A kind Young Man you have abused, fa la, fa la.

Thump. And in troth his Love mis-used, fa la, la.

Black. Your furious Weapons straight deliver, fa, la, la.

Thump. See how the Rascals quake and quiver, fa, la, la.

Both. We do, we do, here, pray Sirs, take e'm, fa, la, la.

Black. Our looks do like an Ague shake e'm, fa, la, la.

Both. It does, it does, pray leave your roaring, fa, la, la.

Thump. Be gone, and say y'ave scapt a scouring, fa, la, la.

Venus

Venus and Adonis,

OR, THE

Maid's Philoſophy.

The Actors Names.

Venus.
Adonis.
Two Huntſ-men.

Enter Venus *and* Adonis.

Venus. ADonis, wilt thou now from me be gone?
And leave me here to mourn and ſigh alone?
Regards thou not the flower of my Youth:
Which of my tender Love t'haſt had ſuch proof?
Thou captivated haſt long ſince my heart,
And wilt thou now unkindly from me part?
O, do not go, the dangers very great;
Thy Death I much do fear it will create.

Adonis. Fair Nymph, leave off to ſigh for me;
A quick return I'le make to thee.
No dangers in theſe Huntings are,
Therefore from grief I pray forbear:
VVhilſt I am gone take thou my heart,
VVhich is of me the better part.
Then Deareſt ſigh no more in vain,
For I ſhall ſoon be back again;
And with ſuch Joys my Queen I'le Crown,
As ſhall unto the VVoods reſound.

Venus, Since

Venus. Since you will go, prosperity
Attend you to Eternity.
Ado. The like to you, dear Saint, I wish,
With all the happiness and bliss
The gods can give, a while farewell,
When next we meet all will be well.
Venus. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Adonis *Hunting, and wounded.*

Ado. Ah, what a sad unfortunate Man was I,
Not to observe the tears of her fair Eye.
Her sweet perswasions not to have me go,
Still to her suit I ever answer'd no.
And yet, grim Death, it is not thee I fear;
For her alone is all my grief and care.
Adieu, fair *Venus*, adieu to thee a while,
Our future Joys will make us both to smile.

Enter Venus *seeing* Adonis *dead.*

Venus kneeling. Ame, that e're I liv'd to see thy death.
Alas woe is me.
What cruel Fate brought this sight hither?
Why did not we dye both together?
How sad and unhappy is my Fate,
Thus to be made unfortunate?
Farewell unto my dearest Love,
Untill that we do meet above.

Enter two Hunts-men.

1. *Hunt.* Ha, who is't that on yon place doth lye,
That is so stain'd with a vermilion dye?
2. *Hunt.* I know not truly, let us thither go.
1. *Hunt.* With all my heart, that we the truth may know.
[*Going towards him.*
Alas, we only thought to wound the Hart,
But now I see *Adonis* bears the smart.
Let's bear him hence, and speedily return,
And safe conduct him to his peaceful Urn.

Pro-

Philetis and Constantia.

The Actors Names.

Philetis.	In Love with *Constantia.*
Philocritus.	Brother to *Constantia.*
Guiscardo.	Rival to *Philetis.*
An Old Man.	Father to *Constantia.*
Constantia.	Sister to *Philocritus.*

Enter Philetis.

Philetis. O *Cupid*, thou whose uncontrouled sway
Do all Cælestial Deities obey.
O force *Constantia's* heart to yield to Love,
Of all thy works thy Master-piece 'twill prove:
O kindle flames in her like those in me,
And grant that I her Beauty now may see:
And view those Eyes that with their glorious light
Do only give contentment to my sight.
Just like a Ship, whilst every Mountain Wave
Threatens the Marriner with a gaping Grave;
Such is my case as doth my state appear,
Or like distracted between hope and fear.
Now to the Woods I'le go, and there complain;
No comfort can I have to ease my pain. [*Exit.*

Enter Constantia.

Const. To whom shall I my sorrows show?
Not to Love, for he is blind, and my *Philetis* doth not know
The inward sorrows of my mind, and all these sensless Walls
that are round about me cannot hear. [*Exit.*

Enter Philocritus, Conſtantia's *Brother.*

Philocri. The Cryſtal Brooks which gently run between
The ſhadowing Trees, and keep the Meadows green,
To hear *Philetis* tell his woful ſtate,
In ſhew of grief run murmuring at his Fate.
His cauſe of ſadneſs I intend to know,
Since unto him ſuch Friendſhip I do owe.
Who leaves to guide the Ship whilſt ſtorms ariſe
Is guilty both of ſin and Cowardize.
Behind ſome Tree I here my ſelf will hide,
Perhaps I may remain by him unſpy'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Philetis.

Philet. Long have I ſtaid, and yet have no relief,
Becauſe ſhe knows not of my killing grief:
Long have I Lov'd, yet have no favour ſhown,
Becauſe I fear to make my ſorrows known.
For why, alas, ſhould ſhe but once dart
At me diſdain, would kill my ſubject heart:
But he who hath all ſorrows born before,
Need not to fear to be oppreſt with more.

Enter Philocritus *from behind the Tree.*

Philocri. No longer now (my Friend) I can forbear;
My dear *Philetis*, by thy ſelf I'le ſwear
To rule this paſſion, if it may not be,
Give to thy Love but Eyes, that it may ſee.
Philet. Amazement ſtrikes me dumb; what ſhall I do?
Shall I reveal, or yet deny to ſhow:
If I reveal my Love, I fear 'twill prove
A let, if not, it may his Anger move.
Theſe doubts like *Scylla* and *Charbdis* ſtand,
Whilſt *Cupid*, a blind Pilot, doth command.
But now I am reſolv'd, my dear *Philocritus*,
Yet cenſure not, but give me leave to eaſe
my caſe with words, my grief you ſhould have known e're this,

this, if that my heart had been my own; I am all Love, my heart is all on fire, which kindles in my breaſt a flame.
Deſire no Phyſick can re-cure my weak Eſtate;
My Wound is grown too great, too deſperate.

Philocri. Yet there is no Phyſician can apply
The Med'cine e're he know the Malady.

Philet. Yet he who acquainteth others with his moan,
Adds to his Friend grief, but cureth not his own.

Philocri. That burden may be born with two with ease
Which is, perhaps, too great for one to bear.
ſhould miſtruſt your Love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you with inconſtancy.

Philet. To ſport with catching ſnares, which Love hath ſet,
Like a poor flye caught in *Arachnes* Net:
So have I ſported with her beauteous light,
Till I at laſt grew blind with too much ſight.
That ſo hath toucht my Love-ſick Soul, that I
Shall live in torment, though each minute dye.

Philocri. Who is't, *Philetes*, that doth thee ſo move?
I may, perhaps, aſſiſt you in your Love.
My councel thus the error may reclaim,
Or my ſalt tears quench thy anoying flame.

Philet. Like *Ægypt's Nilus*, ſo my Eyes do flow,
Yet all the watry Planets I beſtow
Is to my flames annoy like *Dodems* Spring:
That lights the Torch the which is put therein.
Yet ſhe is call'd *Conſtantia*, tears the beſt
Expreſſors of true ſorrow ſpeak the reſt.

Philocri. And is this all, what e're your grief will eaſe,
It ſhall be ſoon done by *Philocrites*.
Think all you wiſh perform'd, but ſee the day,
Tir'd with his heat, is haſtning now away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philetis *and* Conſtantia.

Phi. kneeling. Faireſt of all whom the bright beams do cover,
Do not the ſighs of a ſubmiſſive Lover,
Do not theſe tears, theſe ſpeaking tears deſpiſe,
Firſt ſtruck to Earth by your all dazling Eyes.

And do not you condemn that ardent flame
That from your self, from your own Beauty came:
And since it onely in your power doth lye
To kill or save, O help, or else I dye.

Constant. I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
My Honour sav'd, what e're may pleasure you.
But if beyond those limits you demand,
I must not answer, neither understand.

Philet. Believe me (Maiden) chaste is my desire,
As is thy thoughts, 'tis no dishonest fire:
But as thy Beauty pure, which let not be
Eclipsed by disdain and Cruelty.

Const. Ah, how shall I reply, my Dear, th'ast won
My Love, and eke my heart y'ave overcome.
And if I should deny thy Love, then I
Should prove a Tyrant to my self and dye:
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
And thy sweet Beauty which did me so move.
Those Eyes that drew like Load-stones with their might
The hardest heart one mind to leave me quite.

Philet. Oh, my Soul already feels the bliss of Heaven, and may I lose all happiness,
If once my thoughts e're tax thee e're I'm dead,
May the just gods pour vengeance on my head.

Enter Old Father, taking his Daughter by the hand.

Fath. Such bold Intruders hence I do deny,
Into my House without my Liberty;
Therefore depart, I charge you to forbear
My Daughters presence here or any where.

Philet. Nay, good Sir.

Fath. Not at all, Sir.

Const. Farewell, my Love, hereafter wish to meet,
As I do in one Tomb, one Winding-sheet. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Philetis *and* Constantia.

Philet. Since now, my Dear, propitious is the time
T' enjoy our Love, let us not then resign
Up what we wish, for Opportunity
May soon the wings of Love out-flye:
Who lets slip Fortune, he shall seldome find,
Occasion once past by is bald behind:

For

For when your Father shall pursue the Hare,
If you'l be ready, I will meet you there;
Thence we'l depart with safety, and no more
With Dreams of pleasure, only heal our sore.

Const. Now I am wrapt in Joy, since you have found
A way to ease the torments of our wound.

Philet. Fairest, let's take an happy parting kiss,
Suspition hinders Loves immediate Bliss. [*Exeunt.*

Running over the Stage a Hunting, Philetis *lyes in ambush and catcheth* Constantia; Guiscardo, Philetis *his Rival, finding him, runs him through the Body.*

Philet. Oh, tee, *Constantia,* my short Race is run,
But live more happy then thy Love hath done.
See how my Blood the thirsty ground doth dye,
And when I'm dead, then think sometimes on me:
Mourn my short time permits me not to tell,
For Death now seizeth me; my Dear, farewell. [*Dyes.*

Guiscardo *takes* Constantia *by the hand.*

Question not my intents, nor fill the Wood
With clamours loud, I'le do what's for your good:
You need not in contempt have thrown your heart
Oh poor *Philetis* here, you knew my smart.
Thus wrong my mind with sudden anger fill
And thus my Active hand your Minion kill.
Other affronts with patience I have born;
Revenges causes, or immediate scorn.

Enter Philocritus *with a drawn Sword, runs* Guiscardo *through.*

Philocri. Nay stay, *Guiscardo,* think not Heavens in jest,
This Sword I'le sheath into thy Villains Breast:
'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy State;
I'm sent by *Jove* for to Revenge his Fate.
Thus, Villain, Traytor, thus thy Life I'le send
A Sacrifice t'appease my slaughter'd Friend.

Guiscardo. Thus I'le reward thee for thy Victory.
[*Runs* Philocritus *through.*

Philo. Farewell, *Constantia,* for I now must dye.

Const. My dear *Philocritus* pray hear my cry:
Speak to thy Sister. Yet no voice reply.

{*She runs to* Philocritus, *and kneels by him; and then starts up, and runs to* Philetis, *and kneels,*

Oh

Oh ſtay, bleſt Soul, ſtay but a little here,
Whilſt I have time to Conquer ſudden fear;
Then to Elizian Manſion both together
We'l Journey, and be Married there for ever.
[*She takes him by the hand.*
Oh, my *Philetis*, for thy ſake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy.
I'le follow thee, and not thy loſs deſplore,
Theſe Eyes that ſaw thee kill'd, ſhall ſee no more.
[*She takes up his Sword and falls upon it.*
Oh, my *Philetis*, now receive my Breath, [*Staggering.*
That flies to thee on the pale wings of Death. [*Dyes.*

King *Ahaſuerus* and Queen *ESTHER.*

The Actors Names.

King.
Queen.
Haman.
A Meſſenger.

Enter King and Queen.

Ki. WHat would my Queen, what would you have of me?
Ask freely, and I'le give it unto thee:
Ask half my Kingdom, 'tis at thy command;
For who is it my power that dares withſtand?
Queen. Then this, my King, is all; I humbly pray
That you and *Haman* will come here this day,
Unto a Feaſt that *Eſther* will prepare,
Then to my King my grief I ſhall declare.

King. Call

King Ahasuerus *and Queen* Esther.

King. Call *Haman* forth: The Queen doth us invite
Part of a Banquet to partake this Night. [*Enter* Haman.
Therefore be sure you fail not to be there;
Me-thinks I long to taste of *Esther's* Cheer. [*Exeunt.*

Haman solus. Thus do all seek to purchace my regard;
And from my hand receive their due reward:
Yet *Mordecai* (proud Fool) he wont obey,
Derides his power, though *Haman* bears the sway.
Therefore I'le not be quiet till I see
Proud *Mordecai* exalted on a Tree.
I'le to the King, who will not me deny,
Then raise a Gallows fifty Cubits high.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Now speak, my Queen, what is't of me you crave?
Ask freely, and I swear that you shall have
Your full demand, I will resign
Up half this Kingdom, if you will, 'tis thine.

Queen. It is my Life (great Sir) that I do crave,
And that my Peoples Lives you also save.
Had we been sold for Slaves, I'd held my Tongue,
And patiently would have endur'd the wrong.
But to be threatned every day with Death
Is worse then Death it self ———

King. Who is the Man? I'le make him ever rue,
Who durst attempt such cruel things to do:
For as I'm King, I'm bound to do you good;
And in your just defence I'le spend my Blood.

Queen. Haman's the Man, who in a little space
Threatens Destruction to the *Jewish* Race:
Oh, wicked man, he don't deserve to live,
The softest heart can him no pity give.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Most mighty King, by *Haman's* House hard by
There stands a Gallows fifty Cubits high,
Made for to Hang poor *Mordecai* the *Jew*,
Who ever has been faithful unto you.

King. Hang him thereon, let this Recorded be
To future Ages, as an Act from me.
Thus let imperious *Haman* be repaid,
And fall i'th' snares which he for others laid. [*Exeunt.*

King

King Solomon's Wisdom.

The Actors Names.

King Solomon.
Two Harlots.
Executioner.

Enter King Solomon *Solus.*

Solo. I Am but Young, and in my tender Years,
Which over-whelms my heart with grief & fears
How shall *I Israel* Rule, that is so great?
Now *I* am plac'd upon my Fathers seat.
Heaven's grant me Wisdom, and *I* shall possess
Both Honour, Wealth, Long Life, and Happiness.
Where Wisdom goes before, we alwayes find
That temp'ral Blessings seldom stay behind.

Enter two Harlots.

1. *Harl.* Justice, my Liege, an Accident befel,
None can decide but King of *Israel*:
We two together in one House did Live,
And God to me a young Man-child did give.
Some three dayes after, this same shameless Mother
Was brought to Bed, deliver'd of another.
She in the Night-time did her Child or'e-lay,
And from my side my Infant stole away.
When all was dark she from my Room did take
My pretty Babe before that I could wake;
And laid her dead Child in the room, but I
Awaking, to her with her Child did flye,
And taxt her with the Theft, but she deny'd it;
Therefore, my gracious Liege, do you decide it.

2. *Harl.* Here's

2. *Harl.* Here's not one word of truth this Woman said,
For my Child was the Living, hers the Dead.

King. Wonders on every side my Soul salute;
When I would speak, distraction strike me mute.
What Man is he that can this difference end?
For this poor Infant both these Dames contend.
This by her tears to be her due averrs,
And to'thers impudence proclaims it hers.
Come, Executioner, divide the breach;
Rip up the Child, and give one half to each.

Execut. I shall forthwith.

1. *Harl.* Forbear, great King, I'd rather you would have
My Life a Sacrifice: My Infant save.

2. *Harl.* Let it be parted, King, and split a hare,
You, Executioner, I'le have my share.

King. Now I have found where truth doth most abide;
'Tis in her hearty sorrow, not thy Pride:
Thou couldst not such a shameful Mother be
To see the Babe slain in it's Infancy.
Take thou the Child, and these sad thoughts destroy;
Let former griefs give place to future Joy.

Diphilo and Granida.

The Actors Names.

Diphilo. A Shepherd.
Granida. A Shepherdess.

Enter Diphilo *a Shepherd.*

Diph. I once a Shepherd was upon the plains,
Courting my Shepherdess among the Swains.
But now that Courtly Life I bid adieu,
And here a melancholy Life pursue.
This shade's my covering, this bank my bed;
These flowers my Pillow, where I lay my head.

My Food the Fruit which grows about the Field;
My Drink thoſe tears my Eyes with ſorrows yield.
Though I was once a Shepherd Princely Born,
Yet now I take this courſe, and Live forlorn. [*Eſpies* Granida.
But ha, what's here? What ſhining Beauty's this?
Which equally deſires my ſhady bliſs.

Gran. I'm loſt in this dark Wilderneſs of care,
Where I find nothing to prevent deſpair.
No harmleſs Damſel wandring, no, nor Man:
I am afraid I ſhan't be found again.
I am ſo thirſty, that I ſcarce can ſpeak.

Diph. Can ſhe grieve thus, and not my heart-ſtrings break?
Miracle of Beauty, for you are no leſs;
Water is waiting on ſuch happineſs.
It is as clear as Cryſtal, and as pure.

Gran. O bleſs me, Heavens, are you a Chriſtian ſure?

Diph. Madam, I am no leſs, pray quench your thirſt.

Gran. Kind Sir, I will, but let me thank you firſt. [*Drinks.*
Indeed 'tis good, but you muſt better be,
In being ſo courteous, as to give it me.

Diph. Praiſe it not, ſweeteſt Madam, for you know
On common Creatures this we oft beſtow:
If I had any worthy thing call'd mine,
I ſhould be proud to offer't to your Shrine.

Gran. Thou haſt enough, for Love hath ſhot his Dart,
And to thy Weeds I'le yield my Princely heart.

Diph. Your Beauty, Princeſs, I confeſs it may
Challenge an Empire, or a greater ſway;
Much more then is my worth, yet ſo much here
I am far more than what I do appear.

Gran. What e're thou art, believ't, I'le not repine;
If I am any thing, I'm ſurely thine.

Diph. Then Heav'n receive my Vows, the Palms ſhall move
When *I*'m inconſtant, or exchange my Love,
Nay, if *I* wax but cold in my deſire,
Think Heaven hath motion left, and heat the fire.
And to cloſe all, take this; *I* love ſo true, [*Gives her a Ring.*
By Heav'n *I* ſwear to love none elſe but you.

Gran. Then lead on forwards to my Fathers Court,
We'l grace our Nuptials with ſome Princely ſport.

WILTSHIRE TOM,
An Entertainment at Court.

The Actors Names.

Usher.	
Tom.	A *Witlshire* Man.
Mr. Edward.	A Courtier.
Madge.	A Countrey Wench.
Ruchard.	
Doll.	
Wilkin.	A Shepherd.
Lucinda.	A Shepherdess.

As soon as the Queen had taken her place, a Gentleman-Usher standing at the entrance of the Scene with a black Calot on his Head, and a Beard of the same Colour on his Chin. bestirring his staff much, and his tongue more, sayes thus.

Usher. STand by, there! Make place, bear back, bear back.

The next thing that offer'd it self to the sight was a pleasant Countrey, for the most part Champain, from whence issued the Countrey Fellows, and first, Tom, *speaking to the Gentleman-Usher.*

Tom. By your leave, Mr. Jantleman.

Ush. Now, Sir, whare would you gang?

Tom. Where is the Queen, chud spoke with the Queen?

Ush. Gang away, and be honged you Carle, you speak with the Queen.

Tom *having discover'd Mr.* Edward, *a Courtier, standing near the Queen, as looking on, calls to him.*

Tom. O Mr. *Tedward*, Mr. *Tedward.*

Mr. *Ed.* How now, *Tom*, what's the matter?

Tom. Good Mr. *Tedward.* Help me to spoke with the Queen.

Mr. *Ed.* With the Queen, *Tom*, why with the Queen?

Tom. Chave a Presence for Her.

Mr. *Ed.* Thou dost not mean thine own, *Tom*, she can hardly see a worse.

Tom. Chave a Million for her.

Mr. *Ed.* A Million, *Tom*, that were a Present for a Queen indeed. Let him come in, but who hast thou there to help thee to bring it?

Tom. Chad not thought you had been zicke a voole, Mr. *Yedward*, as if *I* were not suffocient to bring a Million my zell. Yes, though it were as big as a Pompeon.

Mr. *Ed.* O, your simile has made me understand you, but what great hopes are we faln from by this time, from ten hundred thousand pounds, to ten groats at the most. Well, thou woot deliver it *I* see; look about thee now, throw thy Eyes every way, and think which is the Queen.

Tom. Why, thonke you, Mr. *Yedward*, this gay Woman shud be she by her reparrel.

Mr. *Ed.* Away, you Ass.

Dost thou not see a Light out-shine the rest?
Two Stars that sparkle in a milky way,
Dimming the shine of *Ariadnes* Crown,
Or *Berenices* hair, and so serene,
Their influence speak peace unto a Kingdom,
But thy dull Eyes dazle at such a lustre;
Give me thy Present.

Tom. Zoft and vair, Mr. *Yedward*, two words to a bargain. Chil not take all the pair, and lose the thonke too. Chave no skill of your vine words, or your Poultry, as they call it. Chave washt mine eyne enough: and che think this to be the vairest Woman in the Company. Chill give it her at a venture: Mastris Queen, my Master, for valt of a better presence has sent you here a Million —— O 'tis here now, chud not be such an arrant Ass che warrant you, as when che was here last, che buss't *Madge* with my basket on my shoulder for once. Chil not trust these Coure-nols no further then che can zee u'm. —— How like you it, vorzooth, me-think it is but vooliſh meat. O a Pumpion bak'd in the Oven, as *Madge* will handle it, were meat for a Queen indeed, nay, as good as any Counteze in Curſendome cud wush.

Mr. *Ed.* Well,

Mr. *Ed.* Well, Sir, since you have redeem'd your credit, trouble her Majesty no more. Be gone.

A Violin plays, at which Tom *looks about, as one amaz'd.*

Tom. What, a Munstrel! This is aumost as good as a Paip i'faith. Good Mr. *Tedward*, if you have any business, go about it, for mine own part chs mean to make Holy-day to day, don't zee chave my Holy-day reparrel on, and *Madge* has hers on too. O for *Doll*, and *Ruchard* now; had they but thought of a Munstrel, the Headborough shud not ha kept them a whome, nor their Lasses neither.

Madge *from within.*

Ma. O, see where our *Thomac* is: *Thomas*, *Thomas*, shall we come in?

Tom. Who calls *Thomas*. Whoop: *Mage*, and *Richard*, and *Gervase*. ——— Pray good Mastris Queen, spoke to the man with the broad speech to let *Mage* & her vellows in, shall zee how fine we'l voote it, and when che come next, chill bring you zick a Cabbege shall be worth ten Millions. You man with the black dish on your head! *Madge* and her vellowes must come in, zo they must. Come in, *Madge*, come in, *Ruchard*, Now goodman Munstrel as thou lovest Ale strike up, dost hyre, man, play me *Wiltshire Toms delight*, and chill zo wet those whiskers of thine in nappy Ale, and besides chill gather groats a piece of all the company, if thou wert a paiper shud be worth six pence a piece to thee: hold, *Ruchard*, let *Doll* serve you, take *Jugg*, *Gervase*, and chill ha *Madge* for my zell, and hay for our Town.

The Country dance.

Richard offers to kiss Madge in the dance.

Tom. Hands off, *Ruchard*, chill talk with you by and by.

The dance ended.

Tom. Vellow,

Tom. Vellow, che tell thee, chill not put this up. Zdaggers death, buss *Madge* vore my vace?

Ric. Why shud not buss *Madge*, chave as much right to her as your zell, you can spoke with a better grace che confess then my zell, youd be loth though to play at wasters with me for her, chud zo veize your gambrels.

Doll. Nay, good *Richard* let *Thomas* alone, *Thomas* is not so tall a man of his hands as your self, *Richard*.

Ma. I, but *Thomas* is a man of good parts though, *Dorothy*; he can zing and paipe, and dance with the best in our hundred, and for a voote, and a legg at end out, is *Richard* comparable think you?

Tom. Well said for thine own, *Madge*.

Ma I tell you, *Dorothy*, with reverence to the company, *Thomas* can read and write his own name, and for a need can help the high Constable to write his. He is a learn'd man. And what can *Richard* do, play a little at wasters, and make the blood (God bless us) run about his vellowes eares at a Wake, but turn him to speak to one of us, he cant say *bogh* to a Goose.

Ric. Cont I zo? Che can do though, an't were not for making the Company agast, chud so job you and your Sweethearts nolls together, zo che wud.

Doll. How, *Richard*, strike a Maid, *Richard*, *I* hope when we are Married you won't strike me, *Richard*.

Ric. Che cont tell whare youle gi'me cause, cham as likely as no.

Doll. If you do, *I'le* find some body to strike in your place, *Richard*.

Ma. And truly *Dorothy* so my Dame does, if her good-man fall out with her, she has a Friend in a corner, to fall in with her presently.

Tom. I, and reason good, *Madge*, one House would never hold them else. Come, *Madge*, before this Company, shall's make a match?

Ma. Fie, *Thomas*, you never askt me the question.

Tom. Why, don't I now?

Ma. *I*, but you shud ha done that before now in private, *Thomas*.

Tom. No

Tom. No matter, *Madge*, we have burst gold together, which is all one.

Ma. Indeed and zo it is, but you that are so good a spokesman, *Thomas*, shud have uttered your mind before now, must *I* guess by your looks think you?

Tom. Why, what shud zay? if thoult ha'me, chill have thee, *Madge*; what shuds make many words of nothing, buss, and the match is made. *Ruchard*, gi'me thy vist. Take *Doll Madge*; and all Friends. Here's my hand, *Ruchard*, chill take thy part against this Town and the next.

Rich. And thou zaist zo, chill take thine, and chill so veeze the Taylor of *Amsburies* Coat at the next Wake.

Here enters a Shepherd clad in a Coat of freeze, and a Shepherdess in the like manner, habited with broad Hats on their Heads, and Hooks in their Hands: To these Tom *speaks.*

Tom. O *Wilkin*, you come a day after the vaire, shud ha come zooner, Man. Welcome, *Maul*, Mastriss Queen, you don't know who this *Wilkin*, or who this *Maul* is, chill tell you. These twain were vengeance in Love one with oth er, as might be my zell and *Madge* for all the World. *Maull* here had a very pestilence woman to her Mother, as might be *Madges* Dame, you know, *Madge*, your Dame is a very veirec woman.

Ma. Yes truly *Thomas*, that she is, as any in *Wiltshire*, though I say it.

Tom. Now, that Mother being a pestilence woman, as I sed before, wood by no means possible that these twain, loving wretches, shud be man and wife together, cause *Wilkin* had not zeepe enough vorzooth, vor that Mother was damnation covetous: Yet for all that, *Maull* being a parlous Wench, as you zee, stole from her Mother, and clapt up the Match between um, her Mother being as ingrant of it as you are. Now, all the Parish wondred why she shud be led into a vooles Paradice by him, you zee there are them in place be as proper as him zell very inch, but when all came to all, she zed she was led away with his singing vorzooth. Now, to zay troth, he zings well, though he be nothing comparable to the Munstrel,

that

that zang the zong of Short-coat, when you were here last, vor all that, you shall hear him zing a bomination vyne zong of his love to *Maull*. Zing, *Wilkin*, we'le get leave to stay zo long. What, che think thou wants a Viddle, chill vetch thee a Viddle, man, if there be a Viddle in the House.

He goes in, and brings out a Theorbo.

Che can borrow no Viddle but this, and here's one aumost as long as a May-pole; prithee make shift for once.

The Shepherd takes the Theorbo *and sings.*

THE SONG. *Shepherd. Lucinda.*

Sh. DId not you once, Lucinda, vow
You would Love none but me?
Lu. *I, but my Mother tels me now*
I must love wealth, not thee.
Sh. *'Tis not my fault my Sheep are lean,*
Or that they are so few.
Lu. *Nor mine, I cannot love so mean,*
So poor a thing as you.
Sh. *Cruell; thy Love is in thy power,*
Fortune is not in mine.
Lu. *But Shepherd, think how great my dowre*
Is in respect of thine.
Sh. *Ah me!* Lu. *Ah me!* Sh. *Mock you my grief?*
Lu. *I pity thy hard Fate.*
Sh. *Pity for Love is poor relief,*
I'd rather choose thy hate.
Lu. *But I must Love thee.* Sh. *No.* Lu. *Believe,*
I'le seal it with a kiss,
And give thee no more cause to grieve,
Then what thou find'st in this.
Sh. Lu. *Be witness then you powers above,*
And by these holy bands,
Let it appear that truest Love
Grows not from wealth, or Lands.

After the Song.

Tho. Well, we'l take our leaves for this time, when you have a mind to more of this, tell but Mr. *Tedward*, and we'l come at a whistle.

OENONE,

OENONE, A *Pastoral.*

The Names of the Persons.

Amintas, *Dorilas* } Two Shepherds in Love with *Oenone.*

Strephon, *Dorus* } Two other Shepherds.

Hobbinall } A Rustick Swain, conceited that
God Pan. } *Oenone* is enamored of him.
Satyrs.
Punch.

Oenone.
Amarillis.
Cloris.
Phillis.
Margery.

Enter Dorilas, *as coming to the place where* Oenones *Birth-day is to be Celebrated.*

Dorilas.

THis is the place, the way me-thought was long,
And my slow pace did my affection wrong.
For who is he that would not wing his haste,
When by *Oenone's* eyes he shall be grac'd?
Most potent Shepherdess who hast power t'enthrall
Not only my poor heart alone, but all.
For every one that reigns here, strives to be
Rather her captive, then at liberty.
Her eyes do perfectly two Suns present,
And yet but one graces the Firmament:
The colour of her lips doth justly show
Like that of *Cherries* when they kindly grow;

And ſuch a form they have, they may entice
To think ſuch only grew in Paradice.
The Lambs are fatter that by her do feed,
And all her Ewes more frequently do breed
Then any Shepherds, and do yield each year
A larger fleece then any others bear;
As if ſhe brought a miracle to paſs,
And fed them with her looks more then the graſs.
If then ſhe will (when other Shepherds ſtand
To beg a favour from her eyes or hand)
Eſteem me moſt, my poor heart then will be
Taught the true ſenſe of a felicity.
But ſoft, —— me-thinks from yonder grove I hear
Voyces that are familiar to my ear,
I'le not go to them; for *Love* ſays my duty
Is to attend none but *Oenone's* beauty. [*Exit.*

A Dialogue ſung between Dorus *the Shepherd, and* Cloris *the Shepherdeſs.*

Cloris.

YOu have forgot then (*Dorus*) your proteſt.
Dor. No, I have not, my *Cloris*, 'tis confeſt.
Clor. But yet I ſaw you ſlide
A Garland neatly ty'd
Into *Urania's* hand; let it ſuffice,
Though *Love* be blind, *Lovers* have many eyes.
Dor. Will you appear ſo ſtrangely full of paſſion?
Clor. I have cauſe to fear diſſembled love's in faſhion.
Dor. Then why did you, I pray,
With *Strephon* ſport and play?
You kiſt and danc'd, till day was paſt its prime,
And all the while my heart did beat the time.
Clor. May I not dance, or harmleſly be kiſt?
Dor. So I may chance give garlands if I liſt.
Clor. But when you are ſo free,
Me-thinks you ſteal from me.
For every Lover will this Text approve,
There's charity in all things but in Love.

Dor. That

Dor. That day the storm fell to be true you swore.
Clor. When the Sun shin'd again, you vow'd much more.
Dor. Those faithful vows I made,
were by your self betraid:
For I have learn'd to know it is my due,
To be no constanter in love than you.

Chorus.

Then jealousies be gone, and keep my sheep,
Lest that the Wolf should make their number small,
But of my love nothing command shall keep,
But Cloris *will, and* Cloris *will is all.*

Enter Amintas *and* Dorilas.

Amint. Shepherd, thy love is most unnatural:
For Nature does command friendships observance,
But by the fond desires thy heart is fil'd with,
Thou prov'st thy self ungrateful.
Dor. That Character was never coveted,
Nor must I wrong my innocence so much,
Not to demand a reason of this slander.
Amin. I will produce the truth thou would'st profess,
A witness 'gainst thy self: How oft have I
With care and industry preserv'd thy Flock?
And when thy tender Lambs have been in danger,
How many times have I oppos'd the Wolf,
And made my strength defender of their weakness?
And when thy self hast followed idle pastimes,
Thy Flocks and mine have still been twin'd together,
Till by my vigilance I have instructed
The enemies to Shepherds and their Flocks.
They were to fear me, as thy sheep did them.
Nor have I had a thought (except those dear ones
That have been busied by *Oenone's* vertues)
Which has not still paid tribute to thy friendship.
Dor. You then would have prerogative in love,
And leave no priviledge to me but friendship,
If you allow *Oenone* vertuous,

And that her eyes have power to pierce all hearts,
Why should the man which you will call a friend,
Be banisht from the blest society
Of those who are her servants? 'Twere a crime
Against her beauty to believe she should
Merit but one mans service; he which reigns here,
I know must love, and that necessity
Makes rivals necessary.

Streph. 'Tis a truth
I must acknowledge, pardon me, my friend,
I find the Nymph *Oenone* is too worthy;
Yet her perfections (were they centupled)
Shall not dissolve, nor in the least diminish
What has been formerly esteem'd a triumph,
Which is, a perfect friendship.

Dor. In that confidence
Thus we unite again ——— But who comes here?

Enter Hobbinall *with a paper in his hand.*

Streph. 'Tis *Hobbinall*,
One that believes 'tis but *Oenone's* duty
Directly to confess her self beholding
To him for his affection: he supposes
That his deserts are greater then her beauties,
And is as confident the fair Nymph loves him,
As we are that she does not; yet his fortune
Is more to be commended then our fate;
For she is pleas'd to smile at his rude actions,
The best of our endeavours are not valued.

Dor. What paper's that he ruminates upon?
Let us observe a little.

Hob. 'Tis a strange thing, I find my self out every day more then other, to be one of the understandingst, sweetest, neatest, and compleatest Shepherds that ever took hook in hand. Tother day I saw my face in a pail of water, and I had much ado to forbear drowning of my self: 'tis no wonder then, that the beauteous Nymph *Oenone* makes much of me, and lets all the other Shepherds shake their ears like Asses; And the truth is, if I can find never a handsomer she shall serve the turn.

turn. This was her Birth-day, ſhe being born in the year —— one thouſand, ſix hundred, —— nay, hold a little; but on this day of the month it was, Winter or Summer, in the honour of which we all keep holiday; and therefore for the credit of her beauty, and the honour of my own Poetry, have made ſcuh a Copy of Verſes on her, as will make her a thouſand times handſomer then ever ſhe was in her life. ——

I will peruſe them now with the eyes of underſtanding.

He Reads.

OEnone fair, whoſe Beauty does enrich us,
Tell me the cauſe why thou doſt ſo bewitch us.
On this day thou wert born, though not begotten,
This day I'le think on when th'art dead and rotten.
And though thy coyneſs and thy pretty ſcorn
Makes many wiſh that thou hadſt ne're been born.
Yet for my own part this I'le ſwear and ſay,
I wiſh thy time of Birth were every day.

If ſhe do not run mad for love of me now, 'tis pity ſhe ſhould have Verſes made on her as long as ſhe lives.

Streph. Let's interrupt him —— *Hobbinall*, well met.

Hob. It may be ſo.

Dor. But why ſo ſtrange, man? I hope you will remember we are your fellow Shepherds.

Hob. You were once, but now I command you to know, I am a Maſter Shepherd; for the fair Nymph *Oenone*, that makes all your mouths run over with water, does acknowledge me to be both Maſter and Miſtreſs.

Streph. In part 'tis true, yet if you well conſider, ſhe makes you but her ſport, no otherwiſe.

Hob. If ſhe make me her ſport, 'tis more then ever ſhe can make of thee: for thou art one of the ſowreſt lookt fellows that ever crept out of a vinegar-bottle.

Enter

Enter Oenone.

Dor. Here comes the faireſt *Idea* ever nouriſht.
Hob. I will accoſt her.
Streph. Forbear a while, good *Hobbinall.*
Oenone. It was my fault
To be ſo credulous; but 'twas his ſin
To be ſo laviſh of his proteſtations.
Oh *Paris, Paris*, thy inconſtant nature
Argues the fickleneſs which Poets fanſie
In women, but a Fiction.
I that have formerly acknowledg'd thee
The onely perſon meriting reſpect,
Muſt now produce this thy particular falſhood,
As one to dare example; let no more
The Shepherds be at ſtrife to pleaſe *Oenone*,
Let every May-pole-meeting, every feaſt,
Be honour'd by a happier Nymph then I,
To be the Miſtreſs of thoſe harmleſs paſtimes.
Dor. Hail to the Nymph that graces *Idaes* vale,
Accept my ſervice at this dayes ſolemnity.
Streph. And if the ſame from me can be accepted,
Nothing ſo pleaſing is as to preſent it.
Hob. I, you may talk as finely as you will, but when I come to ſpeak once, I'm ſure you will be kickt off.
Oen. What you profeſs may well claim an acceptance.
Hob. Now will I ſee who is the moſt deſerving Shepherd in all the vale of *Idae* —— little rogue, how doſt thou?
Oenone. O *Hobbinall*, you are welcome, I thought you had forgot me, you are my ſport, and ſhould be ever near me.
Hob. Look you there, I am her ſport ſhe ſays; when will ſhe give any of you ſuch an honourable Title: but Sport, I do not think but thou art a Conjurer, or a Witch, or a Devil at leaſt; for thou haſt infuſed ſuch a combuſtion of Poetry in my head, that I fear I ſhall never be my own man again, nor my Maſters neither. —— There's a Copy of Verſes, read 'um; nay, they are my own, as ſure as my name's *Hobbinal.*

Oenone. I

Oenone. I thank you, Sport, I'le ſtudy a requital.

Enter Amintas, Dorus, Amarillis, Cloris, *and* Phillis.

Amintas. Fair one, we come to celebrate this day
With other Shepherds who admire and joy,
To know ſo fair a creature as your ſelf
At this time of the year made the world happy.

Phil. And we as bound to honour you (the faireſt) that ever grac't our ſex, are come to attend upon your recreations.

Oenone. Your expreſſions,
(As they cauſe bluſhes) do exact a thanks.

Dor. Honour me
With your fair hand, Nymph, that I may lead
The way to all thoſe paſtimes which will follow.

Oenone. The honour is to me, and I accept it.

Hob. I'de laugh at that; no, *Sport*, I'le dance with thee my ſelf.

Oenone. Some other time,
By chance I may be at leiſure.

Hob. Will you not? well, by this hand then I'le ſtand out and laugh at every thing you do, right or wrong.

A Dance.

Pſhaw, waw, this dancing is like my Mothers Mares trot; *Sport*, ſhall I ſhew thee a Dance of my own faſhion?

Oenone. It cannot but content.

Hob. Nay, I know that; heark hither, Lads. [*Ex.* Hob. Str.

Oenone. Thus I beguile my paſſion, ſhadowing over
With a falſe veil of mirth, my real ſorrows;
For when time takes an end, not all the ſtories
Which ever did lament forſaken Lovers,
Shall ſhew a parallel to my misfortune.
My griefs ſhall ſtay, when all my joys depart,
And nothing but ſad thoughts ſhall fill my heart.

Enter

Enter Punch.

Punch. I will justifie that a Man had better have the Devil Ride through his guts with a brambill of Briars at his Arse then to be in Love; but, as the Devil will have it, here she comes that is the cause of it. [*Enter* Margery.
Whither so fast, fair *Margery?*

Mar. To meet you.

Punch. O happy day: pox on't, here's *Hobbinall* too.
[*Enter* Hobbinall.
Oh thou that art the fairest in the bunch,
Pity the panting paunch of pining *Punch.*
Thou art my lovely Trollop.

Hob. Punch, you lye.

Mar. Nay, if you fall out I'le leave your company.

Hob. O stay thou sweet, soft, silkin slipe of sin,
We both fall out, because we can't fall in.

Mar. I cannot have you both, but if you two
Will obey all I order you to do,
I will have one of you;
And it shall be he
Who serves in my commands most speedily.

Both. Agreed, agreed.

Mar. And to begin this contest,
Let me but see now who can woo me best.

Hob. Well, I will begin with some Verses I made upon your good parts.

Mar. Come, proceed.

Hob. Your black Eyes shine like blacks in blume of bean,
Cheeks blush like new-cut Bacon fat and lean.
Your dobil tire of Teeth do shew forsooth,
Whiter then Ivory, or abithes Tooth.
Your voyce like Bird in Hedge in time of Spring,
Does even bewitch my senses when you sing.

Punch. To sum up all, in this he calls you Witch,
A Bean-ey'd Hedge-Bird, and a Bacon-fac'd Bitch.
Come, now for me, stand as you did before.

Mar. No, be commanded, I will hear no more.

But

But to end all, let us advance
Our active Trotters in a Countrey Dance.

Punch, Hobbinall, *and the Shepherds dance a Merris.*

Hob. How like you this, *Sport*,

Oenone. Beyond Expression, *Sport*;
I see your Vertues were conceal'd too long.

Hob. I, so they were, but I mean to shew them every day as fast as I can. But sirrah, *Sport*, yonder's God *Pan*, with a company of the bravest Satyrs that ever wore horns on their heads: come, Shepherds, let's go make them drunk, and saw off all their horns. [*Exit.*

Enter Pan.

Pan. Hail to that Nymph that graces *Idaes* Vale,
Whose beauty adds a Lustre to all those
That do acknowledge *Pan* as their chief Patron.
Not any *Satyr* henceforth for thy sake,
Shall own the nature he was bred withall.
But all their actions shall be like thy beauty,
Smooth and delightful, and when thou commandest,
Sweet *Philomel* shall quite forget her Rape,
And overcome with joy that thou art present,
Joyn with the other birds in chearful notes.
The very trees shall entertain no whisper
From the rude winds, but what shall please thy ear,
And when thou speak'it the beasts shall dance more nimbly,
Then when the *Thracian Orpheus* charm'd their senses.
And every object that can yield delight,
Shall be *Oenones* vassall: in the mean time,
I, and those *Satyrs* that attend my person,
Will move in dance, to let *Oenone* find,
She can make gentle a rough *Satyrs* mind.

Oenone. Since my weak fortune knows no retribution,
But my weak thanks, accept them, being presented.

Pan. Approach then, *Satyrs*, and let each one strive
To express the service due unto *Oenone.*

A dance of Satyrs.

Oenone. Now honor me to grace my Bower a while,
Where I will strive to let my Patron prove,
How fain I would be grateful to his love. [*Exeunt.*

THE Merry conceited Humours OF *Bottom* the *Weaver.*

The Names of the Actors.

Quince the Carpenter, who ſpeaks the Prologue.
Bottom the Weaver.
Flute the Bellowſ-mender.
Snout the Tinker.
Snug the Joyner.
Starveling the Taylor.
Pyramus. *Thisbe.* *Wall.* *Lion.* *Moonſhine.* } Who likewiſe may preſent three Fairies.
Oberon King of the Fairies, who likewiſe may preſent the Duke.
Titania his Queen, the Dutcheſs.
Pugg. a Spirit, a Lord.

Enter Bottom the Weaver, Quince the Carpenter, Snug The Joyner, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Bottom. COme, Neighbours, let me tell you, and in troth I have ſpoke like a man in my daies, and hit right too, that if this buſineſs do but diſpleaſe his Graces fancy, we are made men for ever.

Quince. I believe ſo too, Neighbour, but is all our company here?

Bot. You had beſt to call them generally man by man according to the Scrip.

Qu. Here is the ſcrowl of every mans name which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play our Interlude between the Duke and the Dutcheſs on his Wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt

Bot. First good *Peter Quince* say what the Play treats of, then read the names of the Actors, and so grow on to a point.

Qu. Marry our Play is the most Lamentable Comedy, and most cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good piece of work I assure you, and a merry; now good *Peter Quince* call forth your Actors by the Scrowl; Masters spread your selves.

Qu. Answer as I call you, *Nicholas Bottom* the Weaver.

Bot. Ready, name what part I am for, and proceed.

Qu. You *Nic. Bottom* are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Qu. A Lover that kills himself most gallantly for Love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it, If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move storms, I will condole in some measure, to the rest, yet my chief humour is for a Tyrant. I would play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in two, make all split, the raging Rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of Prison gates, and *Phœbus* carr shall shine from far, and make and marr, the foolish fates: Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* reign, a Tyrants reign, a Lover is more condoling.

Qu. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flut. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Qu. You must take *Thisbe* on you,

Flute. What is *Thisbe*, a wandering Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flute. Nay faith, let not me play a woman I have a beard coming.

Qu. That's all one, you shall play it in a mask and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too. I'le speak in a monsterous little voice *Thisne Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover dear, thy *Thisbe* dear, and lover dear.

Qu. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute* you *Thisbe*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robbin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Qu. Robbin Starveling you must play *Thisby's* mother. *Tom Snout* the Tinker.

Sno. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You *Pyramus* father, my self *Thisby's* father. *Snug* the Joyner you the Lyons part; and I hope there's a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? Pray you if it be, give it me for I am slow of study.

Qu. You may do it *Ex tempore* for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roar that I will do any mans heart good to hear me, I will roar that I will make the Duke say, let him roar again, let him roar a gain.

Qu. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the Ladyes that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang every Mothers Son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, that if they should fright the Ladyes out of their wits, they should have no more discretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gentle as any Sucking Dove, I will roar and twere any Nightingal.

Qu. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a Summers day, a most lovely Gentleman like man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus.*

Bot. Well, I will undertake it, what beard had I best play it in?

Qu. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it either in your straw coloured beard, your Orange Tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French crown coloured beard, your perfect Yellow.

Qu. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all; and then you'l play bare-faced. But masters here are your parts, and I am farther to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night, and meet me in the Palace Wood a mile without the Town by moon-light, there we will rehearse, for if we meet in the City we shall be dogged by company, and our devices known; in the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants; I pray fail me not.

Bot.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and Couragiously. Take pain. Be perfect. Adieu.

Qu. At the Dukes Oak we meet?

Bot. Enough, hold, or cut Bowstrings —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon King of the Fayries and Pugg a Spirit.

Ob. I am resolved, and I will be revenged
Of my proud Queen *Titania's* injury,
And make her yield me up her beloved Page;
My gentle Pugg come hither, thou Remembrest
Since that I sat upon a Promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphins Back;
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song;
And certain States shot madly from their Sphears,
To hear the Sea-maids musick.

Pugg. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw (but thou couldest not)
Flying between the cold Moon and the earth
Cupid all armed, a certain aim he took
At a fair Vestal throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quench in the chast beames of the watry Moon.
And the Imperial Votress passed on.
In maiden meditation fancy free,
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk white, now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it *love in Idleness*;
Fetch me that flower, the herb I shew'd thee once,
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid.
Will make or man or woman madly Dote
Upon the next live Creature that it sees;
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
E're the Leviathan can swim a league.

Pugg. I'le put a Girdle about the earth in forty minutes.
[*Exit.*

Ob. Having

Ob. Having once this juyce;
I'le watch *Titania* when she is a sleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes,
The next thing when she waking looks upon
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And e're I take this Charm from off her sight
(As can take it with another herb)
I'le make her render up her page to me.
Welcome, wanderer; what, ar't return'd with it?

Pugg. I, there it is.

Ob. Come, give it me?
There is a bank *Titania* useth oft
In nights to sleep on, but see where she comes.

[*Enter Queen and Fairies.*

I'le stand aside, you may depart. [*Exit Pug.*

Qu. Come, now a Roundel and a fairy song
To please my eye first, then intice me sleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fayries first Dance, and then sings 1.

You Spotted Snakes with double tongue;
Thorny Hedg-hoggs be not seen,
Newts and blind worms do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen:
Philomel with melody
Singing your sweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Ne're harm, nor spell nor Charm
Come our lovely Lady by:
So good-night with lullaby.

2. *Fairy.* Weaving spiders come not here;
Hence you long-ledg'd spinners, hence,
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor snail do no offence:
Philomel with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.* Hence, away, now all is well;
On a loof stand Centinel. [*Exeunt Fairies.*

Ob. What

Ob. What thou seest when thou dost wake { *Oberon comes to her and touches her eye lids.*
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languish for his sake;
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard or Boar with Bristled hair,
In thine eye that shall appear,
When thou awakest it is thy dear;
Wake then, some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Bottom, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Qu. Pat, pat, and here's a mervellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green Plot shall be our stage, This hawthorn Brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince.

Qu. What sayst thou, *Bully Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby* that will never please; first, *Pyramus* must draw a Sword to kill himself, which the Ladyes can't abide, how answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken a parlous fear.

Star. I beleive we must leave the killing out, when all's done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have advice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seem to say we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed: and for the more better assurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver, this will put them out of fear.

Qu. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladyes be afraid of the Lyon?

Star. I fear it *I'le* promise you.

Bot. Masters, we ought to consider with our selves to bring in (God shield us) a Lyon among Ladies is a most dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl then your Lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. There-

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot Nay, You must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the Lions Neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same effect, Ladyes, or fair Ladyes, *I* would wish you, or *I* would request you, or *I* would intreat you not to tremble; my life for yours, if you think *I* come hither as a Lyon it were pity of my life, no, *I* am no such thing, *I* am a man as other men are, and here indeed let him name his name, and tell plainly *I* am *Snug* the Joyner.

Qu. Well, it shall be so: But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a Chamber, for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* met by moon light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Qu. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great Chamber window where we play open, and the moon may shine in at the Casement.

Qu. I, or else one must come with a bunch of Thorns and a Lanthron, and say he come to disfigure, or to present the person of Moon-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* (saies the story) did talk through the Chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a Wall, what say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall, and let him have some Plaister, or some Lome, or some Rough cast about him to signifie VVall, or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that Crany shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Qu. If that may be, then all is well; come, sit down every mothers Son and rehearse your parts, *Pyramus*, you begin, when you have spoken your speech, Enter into that Brake, and so every every man according to his Cue——

Enter

Enter Pugg.

Pugg. What Hempen Home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here ſo near the Cradle of the fairy Queen. What? a play toward? I'le be an Auditor, and Actor too perhaps if I ſee cauſe.

Qu. Speak, *Pyramus*, *Thisby*, ſtand forth.

Pyra. Thisby, the flowers of Odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, Odours.

Pira. Odours ſavours ſweet, ſo hath thy breath my deareſt *Thisbe*, dear. But heark, a voice: ſtay thou but here a while, and by and by I will to thee appear.

Pugg. A ſtranger, *Pyramus*, then e're plaid here.

[*Exit Pira.*

This. Muſt I ſpeak now? [*Exit after him.*

Quin. I, marry muſt you. For you muſt underſtand that he goes but to ſee a Noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Moſt Radient *Pyramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue. Of colour like the red Roſe on triumphant Bryar. Moſt Brisky Juvenal, and the moſt lovely Jew. As true as trueſt Horſe that never yet would Tyre. I'le meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninus* Tomb.

Qui. Ninus Tomb, man: Why, you muſt not ſpeak that yet; That you anſwer to *Pyramus*: you ſpeak all your part at once Cues and all, *Pyramus*, Enter, your Cue is paſt, it is, never Tire.

This. O, as true ar trueſt Horſe, that yet would never tire.

Pir. If I were, fair *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quince. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray Maſters fly, Maſters, help. [*Exeunt the Clowns.*

Pugg. I'le follow you, I'le lead you about a round. Through Bog, through Buſh, through Brake, through Bryar. Sometimes a Horſe I'le be, ſometimes a Hound, a Hogg, a headleſs Bear; ſometimes a Fire, and Neigh, and Bark, and Grunt, and Roar, and Burn, like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Enter Bottom *with an Aſſes head.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Sno. O *Bottom*, thou art changed, what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do I see? you see an Asses head of your own, do you.

Enter Peter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee, thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery, this is to make an asse of me, and fright me if they could, but I will not stir from this place do they what they can, I will walk up and down here, and will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*He sings.*

The Woosel cock so black of hew,
VVith Orange Tawny bill.
The Thros'le with his note so true, } *Queen of Fairy wakes,*
The VVren and little quill. } *and looks upon him.*

Tita. VVhat Angel wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark.
The Plain-song Cuckow Gray,
Whose note full many a man doth Mark,
And dare not answer Nay.
For indeed who should set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lye though he should cry Cuckow never so.

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again,
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note.
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape
And thy fair vertues force (perforce) doth move me

Bot. Methinks (Mistress) you should have little reason for that, and yet to say truth, reason and love keep little company together now adayes. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can Gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of

of this VVood, I have enough to ſerve my own turn.

Tita Out of this wood do not deſire to go.
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a Spirit of no common Fate,
The Summer ſtill doth tend upon my State,
And I do love thee, therefore go with me,
I'le give thee Fairies to attend on thee,
And they ſhall fetch thee Jewels from the Deep,
And ſing while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep;
And I will purge thy mortal groſsneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an Airy Spirit go.

Enter Peaſe-bloſſom, Cobweb, and Muſtard-ſeed, three Fairies.

Fair. Ready, and I, and I, and I; where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walks, and Gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with Apricots and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries.
The Honey-bags ſteal from the humble Bees,
And for white Tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worms eyes,
To have my Love to Bed, and to ariſe,
And pluck the wings from painted Butterifles
To fan the Moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes.
Nod to him, Elves, and do him Courteſies.

1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail.

1. 2. *Fai.* Hail.

3. *Fai.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your worſhips heartily mercy. I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*, if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your Name, honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray commend me to Mrs. *Squaſh* your Mother, and to Maſter *Peaſe-cod* your Father; I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too.
Your Name, I beſeech you, Sir.

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good Mr. *Muſtard-ſeed*, I know your patience well. That ſame cowardly Giant-like Ox-Beef hath devoured many a Gentleman of your Houſe; I promiſe your kindred have made my eyes water e're now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeed.*

Tita. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.
The Moon, me-thinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weep every little Flower:
Lamenting ſome enforced Chaſtity.
Tye up my Lovers tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon *King of Fairies*, Solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awaked.
Then what it was that next came to her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter Pugg.

Here comes my Meſſenger; how now, mad ſpirit,
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Pugg. My Miſtreſs with a Monſter is in Love.
Near to her Cloſe and conſecrated bower,
Whiles ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* Nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented in their ſport.
Forſook his Scene, and entred in a brake,
Where I did him at this advantage take;
An Aſſes Noſe I fixed on his head,
Anon his *Thisby* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick comes, when they him ſpy,
As Wild-geeſe that the creeping Fowler eye;
Or ruſſes-pated Choughs many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the Guns report)
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the Sky,
So at his ſight away his fellows fly;
And at our ſtamp o're and o're one falls,
He murther crys, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak loſt with their fear thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.

For

For Bryars and Thorns at their Apparel ſnatch
Some Sleeves, ſome Hats, from Yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there.
When in that moment ſo it came to paſs,
Titania wak'd, and ſtraight-way lov'd an Aſs. [*Exit.*

Ob. This fall out better then I could deviſe,
I ſhall now be avenged upon my Queen:
But ſee, ſhe comes, I'le ſtand aſide.

Enter Queen, Bottom, *Fairies.*

Tita. Come, ſit thee down upon this flowry Bed,
While I thy aimable Cheeks do coy,
And ſtick musk Roſes on thy ſleek ſmooth Head,
And kiſs thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſom*?

Peaſ. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſom*: Where's Monſieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good Monſieur get your Weapons in your hand, and kill me a red humble Bee on the top of a Thiſtle; and good Monſieur bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the action, Monſieur, and good Monſieur have a care the honey-bag break not, I would be loath to have you o're-flown with a honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monſieur *Muſtard-ſeed*?

Muſ. Ready.

Bot. Give me your newſe, Monſieur *Muſtard ſeed.* Pray leave your Courteſie, good Monſieur.

Muſ. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monſieur, but to help Cavaliero *Cobweb* to ſcratch; I muſt to the Barbers, Monſieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am ſuch a tender Aſs, if my hair does but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What wilt thou hear, ſome Muſick, my ſweet Love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good Ear in Muſick, let us hear the Tong and the bones.

Muſick Tongs Rural Muſick.

Tita. Or ſay, ſweet Love, what thou deſireſt to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of Provender, I could maunch your good

good dry Oats, me-thinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay, good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a ventrous Fairy,
That shall seek the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried Pease. But I pray let none of your People stir me, I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies, be gone, and be alwayes away:
So doth the wood bind the sweet Hony-suckle
Gently entwist, the Female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
O how I love thee? How I dote on thee?

Ob. VVelcome, good *Pug.* [Oberon *approaches.*
Seest thou sweet sight? [*Enter* Pug.
Her dotage now do I begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her,
For she his hairy Temples then had rounded
VVith Coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,
And that same Dew which sometime on the buds,
VVas wont to smell like round and orient Pearl;
I stood within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience;
I then did ask of her her Changeling Child,
VVhich streight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes,
And, gentle *Pug*, take this transformed Scalpe
From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain,
That he awaking may return to *Athens*,
And think no more of this Nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a Dream,
But first, I will release my Fairy Queen.
Be thou as thou was wont to be,
See thou as thou was wont to see,

Dians

Dians bud or Cupids flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queen.
Tit. My *Oberon*, what visions have I seen?
Me-thought I was inamoured of an Ass.
Ob. There lies your love.
Tit. How came these things to pass?
Oh how mine eyes do loath this visage now.
Ob. Silence a while. *Pugg*, take thou off his head.
[*He puls off his Asses head.*
Pugg. When thou awakes with thine own fools eyes peep.
[*Exeunt.*

After a while Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes call me, and I will answer, my next is most fair *Pyramus* hei ho. *Peter Quince*, *Flute* the Bellowes-mender? *Snout* the Tinker? *Starveling*? Gods my life stoln hence and left me asleep, I have had a most rare vision, I had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an Asse if he go about to expound this dream, me-thought I was, there's no man can tell what me-thought I was, and me-thought I had, but a man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what me-thought I had, the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this dream, it shall be called *Bottoms* dream because it hath no Bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of the Play before the Duke, peradventure to make it the more gracious I will sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, *Thisby*, *Snout*, *and Starveling.*

Qu. Have you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come yet?
Star. He cannot be heard of, out of doubt he is transported.
Flute. If he come not, then the Play is marr'd, it goes not forward, doth it?
Qu. It is not possible, you have not a man in all *Athens* able to discharge *Pyramus* but he.
Flute. No: He hath simply the best wit of any handy-crafts man in *Athens.*
Qui. Yea.

Qu. Yea, and the best person too, and he is a very Paramour for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say Paragon; a Paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joynor.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is now coming from being married at the Temple, oh, if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet Bully *Bottom*, thou hast lost six pence a day during his life, he could not have scaped six pence aday, and the Duke had not given him six pence a day for playing *Pyramus* I'le be hang'd, he would have deserved six pence a day in *Pyramus* or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Qu. *Bottom*! O most couragious day! O most happy hour?

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what, for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*, I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me, all that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath Dined, get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new Ribbands to your Pumps, meet presently in the Palace, every man look over his part for the short, and the long is, our play is preferred, in any case let *Thisby* have clean linnen: and let not him that playes the Lyon pare his Nails for they shall hang out for the Lyons claws, & most dear Actors eat no Onions nor Garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath, and doubt not to hear them say it *is* a sweet Comedy. No more words, away: go, away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Dutchess, and two Lords.

Egæus. May all things prove propitious to this match,
And heavens poure down whole showers of joy to wait
Within your Royal walks, your Board, your bed.

Duke. Thanks, kind *Egæus*, but what pleasant maskes,
What dances have we now to wear away
This long age of three hours, which yet we have
To spend e're bed time?

1. *Lord.* And't please your grace, there is a scene,
Tedious, yet brief, to be presented of

The

The Love of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
Mirth very Tragical.

Duke. Merry and Tragical; tedious and brief. That is hot Ice, and wondrous ſtrange Snow: How ſhall we find a concord in this diſcord?

2. *Lord.* A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a Play,
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play
There's not one word apt, one Player fitted;
And Tragical, my Noble Lord, it is,
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf;
Which when I ſaw rehearſt, I muſt confeſs,
Made my eyes water, but more merry tears
The Paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

Duke. What are they that do Play it?

1. *Lord.* Hard-handed men that work in *Athens* here,
Which never laboured in their minds till now,
And now have toyled their unbreathed memories
With this ſame Play againſt your Nuptials.

Duke. And we will hear it, let them approach.

They take their Seats. Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good Will.
That you ſhall think we come not to offend,
But with good will, To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight,
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your Delight
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you.
The Actors are at hand, and by their ſhow
You ſhall know all that you are like to know.

Duke. This Fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

1. *Lord.* He hath read his Prologue like a rough Colt, he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Dutch. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue like a Child on the recorder, a ſound, but not in Government.

Duke. His ſpeech was like a tangled Chain, nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moon-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

Prolo. Gentels, perchance you wonder at this ſhow;
But wonder on till truth doth make all things plain:
This Man is *Pyramus* if you would know;
This beauteous Lady *Thisbe* is certain.
This Man with Lime and Rough-caſt doth preſent
Wall, the vile Wall which did theſe Lovers ſunder,
And through Walls chink (poor Souls) they are content
To whiſper, at the which let no Man wonder.
This man with Lanthorn, Dog, and buſh of Thorn
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine; for if you will know,
By Moon-ſhine did theſe Lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb, there, there to woe.
This Griſly Beaſt (which Lyon height by name)
The truſty *Thisbe* coming firſt by Night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright,
And as ſhe fled her mantle ſhe did fall,
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtain;
Anon comes *Pyramus* ſweet Youth, and tall,
And finds his *Thisbie's* mantle ſlain,
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach't his bloody boiling breaſt,
And *Thisbe* tarrying in a Mulberry ſhade,
His Dagger drew and dyed. For all the reſt.
Let *Lyon*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

Duke. I wonder if the Lyon be to ſpeak?

2. *Lord.* No wonder, my Lord, one Lyon may, when many Aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude it doth befall
That I, one *Snug*, (by name) preſent a Wall,
And ſuch a Wall as I would have you think
As had in it a cranned hole or chink,
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.

This

This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhow
That I am that ſame wall the truth is ſo,
And this the Granny is right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

Duke. Would you deſire lime, and hair to ſpeak better.

2. *Lor.* It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe my Lord.

Duke. Pyramus draws near the wall; Silence ——

Enter Pyramus.

Pyra. O Grim lookt night! O night with hue ſo black? O night which ever art when day is not.
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisby*'s promiſe is forgot;
And thou O wall thou ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her fathers ground and mine,
Thou Wall, O Wall, O ſweet and lovely Wall
Shew me thy Chink to blink through with mine eyes.
Thanks Curteous Wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O witched Wall through whom I ſee no bliſs:
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me.

Duke. The Wall me-thinks being ſenſible ſhould curſe again.

Pyram. No in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me.*
Is *Thisbies* Cue, ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the Wall, you ſhall ſee it will fal'.

Enter Thisby.

Pat, as *I* told you; yonder ſhe comes.

Thisb. O Wall full often haſt thou heard my moanes
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My Cherry lips have often kiſt the ſtones,
Thy ſtones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyra. I hear a voice, Now will I to the Chink
To ſpy if I can ſee my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby.*

This. My love, thou art my love *I* think.

Pyra. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lovers Grace,
And like *Limander* am *I* truſty ſtill.

This. And I like *Helen* till the fates me kill.

Pira. Not *Thafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.
This. As *Shalafus* to *Procrus* I to you.
Pira. O kiſs me though the hole of this vile Wall.
This. I kiſs the Wall hole, not your lips at all.
Pira. Will thou at *Ninnies* tomb meet me ſtraight way?
This. Tide life, tide death, I'le come without delay.
[*Exeunt Pir. and Thisby.*
Wall. Thus have *I* Wall my part diſcharged ſo.
[*Exit Wall.*

Duke. Now is the Moral down between the two neighbours.

2. *Lor.* No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are ſo wilfull.

Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

Duke. The beſt in this kind are but ſhaddows, and the worſt no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It muſt be your imagination then, not theirs.

Duke. If we imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here comes two noble Beaſts in, a Man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon and Moon-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The monſtrous Mouſe that creeps on floor;
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug*, the Joyner am,
A Lyon fell, or elſe no Lyons dam;
For if I ſhould as Lyon come in ſtriſe
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.

Duke. A very gentle Beaſt, and of a good Conſcience.

2. *Lord.* The very beſt at a Beaſt, my Lord, that ever I ſaw.

2. *Lord.* This Lyon is a very Fox for his Valour.

Duke. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

2. *Lord.* Not ſo, my Lord, for his Valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Duke. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his Valour, for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well, leave it to his diſcretion.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent.

2. *Lord.* He

2. *Lord.* He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

Duke. He is no Creſcent, and his Horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent; my ſelf the man i'th' Moon doth ſeem to be.

Duke. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt, the man ſhould be put in the Lanthorn, how is he elſe the the man in the Moon.

2. *Lord.* He dares not come in there for the Candle, for you ſee 'tis already in ſnuff.

Dutch. I am weary of this Moon, would he would change.

Duke. It appears by his ſmall light of Diſcretion, that he is in the wain: but yet in courteſie in all reaſon we muſt ſtay the time.

1. *Lord.* Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you that the Lanthorn is the Moon, I the man in the Moon, this thorn-buſh my Buſh, and this Dog my Dog.

2. *Lord.* Why, all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorn, for they are in the Moon. But ſilence, here comes *Thisbe.*

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old *Ninnies* Tomb: where is my Love?

Lyon. Oh —— [*The Lyon roars,* Thisbe *runs off.*

1. *Lord.* VVell roar'd, *Lyon.*

Duke. VVell run, *Thisby.*

Dutch. VVell ſhone, Moon. Truly the Moon ſhines with a good grace.

Duke. VVell mouz'd, *Lyon.*

2. *Lord.* And then came *Pyramus.*

1. *Lord.* And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyra. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy Sunny beams,
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright,
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbes* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! But mark, poor Knight;

What

What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you see! How can it be?
O dainty Duke! O dear!
Thy Mantle good; what, stain'd with blood,
Approach you Furies fell,
O Fates come, come, cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This passion, and the Death of a dear Friend would go near to make a man look sad.

Dutch. Beshrew my heart but I pity the man.

Pyra. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon wild hath here defloured my dear,
Which is, no, no, VVhich was the fairest Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with chear.
Come, tears, confound; out, sword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*;
I, that left pap, where heart doth hap,
Thus eye I thus, thus, thus.
Now I am dead, now I am fled, my soul is in the sky,
Tongue, lose thy light, Moon, take thy flight,
[*Exit Moon-shine.*
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

2. *Lord.* No dye, but an Ace for him, for he's but one.

1. *Lord.* Less then an Ace, man, for he's dead, he's nothing.

Duke. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an Ass.

Dutch. How chance Moon-shine is gone before.
[Thisbe *comes back, and finds her slain Lover.*

Enter Thisbe.

Duke. She finds him by star-light.
Here she comes, and her passion ends the Play.

Dutch. Me-thinks she should not use a long one, for such a *Pyramus*, I hope she will be brief.

2. *Lord.* A Moth will turn the balance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe* is the better.

1. *Lord.* She hath spyed him already with those sweet eyes.

2. *Lord.* And thus she means, *Videlicet*.

This. Asleep, my Love? What, dead, my Love?

O *Pyramus*, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? a Tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this Cherry Noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip Cheeks
Are gone, are gone; Lovers make moan,
His eyes were as green as Leeks.
O Siſters three, come, come to me
With hands as pale as milk,
Lay them in gore, ſince you have ſhore
With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
Tongue not a word; Come, truſty Sword,
Come, blade, my breaſt embrue,
And farewell Friends, thus *Thisbe* ends.
Adieu, Adieu, Adieu.

Duke. *Moon-ſhine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the Dead.

2. *Lord*. I, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to hear a Burgo-mask Dance between two of our Company.

Duke. No Epilogue, pray you, for your Play needs no excuſe, never excuſe. For when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had Play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thisbies* Garter, it had been a fine Tragedy, and ſo it is truly, and very notably diſcharged; but come, your Burgo-mask, let your Epilogue alone. [*After a dance, Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

THE Cheater Cheated.

The Names of the Actors.

Two Gentlemen.
Maſter Mulligrub. A Vintner.
Cocledemoy. A Knaviſhly witty City Companion.
Maſter Burniſh. A Goldſmith.
Lyonell. His Man.
Holifernes Rain-ſcure. A Barbers Boy.
Miſtreſs Mulligrub.
Mary Faugh. An Old Woman.
Three Watchmen.

Enter two Gentlemen, and Mr. Mulligrub.

1. *Gent.* NAY, comfort, my good Hoſt *Shark*, my good *Mulligrub.*

2. *Gent.* Advance thy ſnout, do not ſuffer thy ſorrowful Noſe to drop on thy *Spaniſh* Leather Jerken, moſt hardly honeſt *Mulligrub.*

1. *Gent.* What, cogging *Cocledemoy* is run away with a Neſt of goblets; true, what then? They will be hammer'd out well enough, I warrant you.

Mull. Sure, ſome wiſe man would find them out preſently.

1. *Gent.* Yes ſure, if we could find out ſome wiſe man preſently.

2. *Gent.* How was the Plate loſt? How did it vaniſh?

1. *Gent.* In moſt ſincere proof thus: That man of much money, ſome wit, but leſs honeſty, cogging *Cocledemoy*, comes this Night late into my Hoſt *Mulligrubs* Tavern here, calls for a Room, the Houſe being full, *Cocledemoy* conſorted with his moveable Cattle, his inſtrument of Fornication, the Bawd,

Bawd, Mistress *Mary Faugh*, are imparlar'd next the street, good Poultrey was their Food, Black-bird, Lark, Woodcock, and mine Host here, comes in, crys God bless you, and departs. A Blind Harper enters; craves Audience, uncaseth, plays, the Drawer for Female privateness sake is nodded out, who, knowing that whosoever will hit the mark of profit, must, like those that shoot in stone Bows, wink with one Eye, grows blind a the right side, and departs.

2. *Gent.* He shall answer for that winking with one Eye at the last day.

1. *Gent.* Let him have day till then, and he will wink with both his Eyes.

2. *Gent.* *Cocledemoy* perceiving none in the Room but the blind Harper (whose Eyes Heaven had shut up from beholding wickedness) unclaspes a Casement to the street very patiently, pockets up three Boles unnaturally, thrusts his Wench forth the Window, and himself most prepostrously with his heels forward follows, (the unseeing Harper plays on) bids the empty Dishes, and the Treacherous Candles much good do them: The Drawer returns, but out alas, not onely the Birds, but also the Nest of Goblets were flown away; laments are rais'd.

1. *Gent.* VVhich did not pierce the Heavens.

2. *Gent.* The Drawers moan,
Mine Host doth cry, the Boles are gone.

Mul. *Hic finis Priami.*

1. *Gent.* Nay, be not Jaw-fall'n, my most sharking *Mul-ligrub.*

2. *Gent.* 'Tis your just affliction, remember the sins of the Sellar, and repent, repent.

Mul. I am not Jaw-fall'n, but I will hang the Cony-catching *Cocledemoy*, and there's an end on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cocledemoy, *and* Mary Faugh.

Cocle. *Mary*, *Mary Faugh.*

Mar. Hem.

Cocle. Come, my worshipful, rotten, rough-bellied Bawd, ha my blew tooth'd Patrons of Natural wickedness, give me the Goblets.

Mar. By yea, and by nay, Master *Cocledemoy*, I fear you'l play the Knave, and restore them.

Cocle. No, by the Lord *Aunt*, Restitution is Catholique, and thou knowest we love.

Mar. What?

Cocle. Oracles are ceas'd: *Tempus præteritum.* do'st hear, my worshipful glister-pipe, thou ungodly fire that burnt *Diana's* Temple, do'st hear, Bawd?

Mar. In very good truthness you are the foulest mouth'd, prophane railing Brother, call a Woman the most ungodly names: I must confess, we all eat of the forbidden Fruit, and for mine own part, though I am one of the Family of Love, and, as they say, a Bawd that covers the multitude of sins, yet I trust I am none of the wicked that eat Fish a Frydayes.

Cocle. Hang toasts, I rail at thee, my worshipful Organ bellows that fills the pipes, my fine, ratling, fleamy cough a the lungs, and cold with a Pox, I rail at thee, what, my right precious panders, supporters of *Barber-Surgeons*, and inhaunters of *lotinus* and dyet drink: I rail at thee, necessary damnation, I'le make an Oration, I, in praise of the most Courtly fashion, and most pleasurable functis, I.

Mar. I prethee do, I love to have my self prais'd, as well as any old Jade, I.

Cocle. List then, a Bawd; first, for her profession, or vocation, it is most worshipful of all the twelve Companies, for, as that Trade is most honourable that sells the best Commodities; as the Draper is more worshipful then the Point-maker, the Silk-man more worshipful then the Draper, and the Goldsmith more honourable then both, *Little Mary*: So the Bawd above all, her shop has the best ware, for where these sell but Cloath, Sattins, and Jewels, she sells divine Virtues, as Virginity, Modesty, and such rare Jems, and those not like a petty Chapman, by retail, but like a great Merchant, by whole Sale; wa, ha, ho, and who are her Customers, not base Corn-cutters, or Sow-gelders, but most rare wealthy Knights, and most rare bountiful Lords are her Customers: Again, where as no Trade or Vocation profiteth, but by the loss and displeasure of another; as the Merchant thrives not but by the licentiousness of giddy Youth, and unsetled, the Lawyer, but by the vexation of his Client, the Physician but by the maladies of his Patient, onely my smooth gum'd L.

lives by others pleasure, and onely grows rich by others rising. O merciful gain, O righteous in-come. So much for her Vocation, Trade, and Life; as for their Death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is alwayes before their eyes, and a deaths head most commonly on their middle finger. To conclude, 'tis most certain they must needs both live well, and dye well, since most commonly they live in *Clearken-well*, and dye in *Bridewell*. *Dixi Mary.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cocledemoy, *and first Gentleman.*

1. *Gent.* Master *Cocledemoy, ut vales domine?*

Cocle. Ago tibi gratias my worshipful Friend, how does your Friend?

1. *Gent.* Out, you Rascal.

Cocle. Hang toasts, you are an Ass, much a your worships brain lyes in your Calves —— bread a God boy, I was at supper last night with a new wean'd bulchin, bread a God, drunk, horribly drunk, there was a VVench, one *Frank Frailty*, a punk, an honest pole-cat, of a clean In-step, sound leg, smooth thigh, and the nimble Devil in her buttock, ah fiest a grace, when saw you *Tisefew*, or Master *Caquetare*, that pratling Gallant of a good draught, common customs, fortunate impudence, and sound fart?

1. *Gent.* Away, Rogue.

Cocle. Hang toasts, my fine Boy, my Companions are worshipful.

1. *Gent.* Yes, I hear you are taken up with Scholars and Church-men.

Enter Holifernes *the Barber.*

Cocle. Quarquam te maree fili my fine Boy, does your worship want a Barber-Surgeon?

1. *Gent.* Farewell, Knave, beware the *Mulligrubs.*

[*Exit first Gentleman.*

Cocle. Let the *Mulligrubs* beware the Knave; what, a Barber-Surgeon, my dilicate Boy?

Holif. Yes, Sir, an Apprentice to Surgery.

Cocle. 'Tis, my fine Boy, to what Bawdy House does your Master belong? VVhat's thy Name?

Hol. Holifernes Rain-scure.

Cocle. Rain-scure? Good M. *Holifernes*, I desire your further acquaintance, nay, pray ye be cover'd, my fine Boy, kill

thy Itch, and heal thy Scabs, is thy Master rotten?

Hol. My Father, forsooth, is dead.

Cocle. And laid in his grave,
Alas, what comfort shall *Peggy* then have?

Hol. None but me, Sir, that's my Mothers Son I assure you.

Cocle. Mothers Son, a good witty Boy, would live to read an Homily well, and to whom are you now going?

Hol. Marry, forsooth, to trim Mr. *Mulligrub* the Vintner.

Cocle. Do you know Master *Mulligrub*?

Hol. My God-father, forsooth.

Cocle. Good Boy, hold up thy chops, I pray thee do one thing for me, my name is *Gudgeon*.

Hol. Good Master *Gudgeon*.

Cocle. Lend me thy Bason, Razor, and Apron.

Hol. O Lord, Sir.

Cocle. VVell spoken, good *English*, but what's thy Furniture worth?

Hol. O Lord, Sir, I know not.

Cocle. VVell spoken, a Boy of a good wit, hold this pawn, where dost dwell?

Hol. At the sign of the three Razors, Sir.

Coc. A sign of good shaving, my catastrophonical fine boy, I have an od jest to trim Mr. *Mulligrub* for a wager, a jest, boy, a humour, I'le return thy things presently, hold.

Hol. VVhat mean you, Mr. *Gudgeon*?

Coc. Nothing faith, but a jest, Boy, drink that, I'le recoil presently.

Hol. You'l not stay long.

Coc. As I am an honest man, the three Razors.

Hol. I, Sir. [*Exit* Holifernes.

Coc. Good, and if I shave not Master *Mulligrub*, my wit h sn edge, and I go cack in my pewter, let me see, a Barber, my scurvy tongue will discover me, I must d ssemble, must disguise, for my beard my false hair, for my Tongue, *Spanish*, *Dutch*, or *Welch*; no, a Northern Barber, VVidow *Rain-scares* man, well, newly entertain'd, right, so, hang toast; all Cards have white backs, and all Knaves would seem to have white Breasts, so, proceed, now worshipful *Cocledemoy*.

[*Exit* Cocledemoy *in his Barbers Furniture.*

Enter

Enter Master Mulligrub, *and Mistress* Mulligrub, *she with a bag of Money.*

Mist. Mull. It is right, I assure you, just fifteen pounds.

Mull. Well, *Cocledemoy*, 'tis thou that puttest me to this charge, but and I catch thee, I'le charge thee with as many Irons; well, is the Barber come, I'le be trim'd, and then to *Cheap-side*, to buy a fair piece of Plate to furnish the loss; is the Barber come?

Mist. Mul. Truth, Husband, surely Heaven is not pleas'd with our Vocation; we do wink at the sins of our People, our Wives are Protestants, and I speak it to my grief, and to the burden of my Conscience, we fry fish with salt butter. [*Exit.*

Mull. Go look to your business, mend the matter, and score false with a vengeance.

Enter Cocledemoy *like a Barber.*

Welcome, Friend, whose man?

Coc. Widdow *Rain-scores* man, an't shall please your good worship, my name's *Andrew Shark*.

Mull. How does my god-son, good *Andrew*?

Coc. Very well, he's gone to trim Mr. *Quicquid* our Parson, hold up your Head.

Mull. How long have you been a Barber, *Andrew*?

Coc. Not long, Sir; this two year.

Mull. What, and a good Work-man already? I dare scarce trust my head to thee.

Coc. O fear not, we ha pol'd better men then you, we learn the Trade very quickly, will your good worship be shaven or cut?

Mull. As you will; what Trade didst live by before thou turnest Barber, *Andrew?*

Coc. I was a Pedler in *Germany*, but my Countrey-men thrive better by this trade.

Mull. What's the newes Barber? Thou art sometimes at Court.

Coc. Sometimes pole a Page, or so, Sir.

Mull. And what's the news, how do all my good Lords, and all my good Ladies, and all the rest of my acquaintance?

Coc. What an arrogant Knave's this, I'le acquaintance ye. [*He spyeth the bag.*

('tis cash) say ye, Sir? *Mull.* And

Mull. And what news, what news, good *Andrew*?

Coc. Marry, Sir, you know the Conduit at Greenwich, and the under holes that ſpowt up water.

Mull. Very well, I was waſh'd there one day, and ſo was my Wife, you might have wrung her ſmock i'faith; but what a thoſe holes?

Coc. Thus, Sir, out of thoſe little holes, in the midſt of the Night, crawl'd out four and twenty huge, horrible, monſtrous, fearful, devouring ——

Mull. Bleſs us!

Coc. Serpents, which no ſooner were beheld, but they turn'd to Maſtiffs which howl'd, thoſe maſtiffs inſtantly turn'd to Cocks which crow'd, thoſe Cocks in a moment were chang'd to Bears which roar'd; which Bears are at this hour to be yet ſeen in *Paris Garden*, living upon nothing but toſted Cheeſe and green Onions.

Mull. By the Lord, and this may be, my Wife and I will go ſee them, this portends ſomething.

Coc. Yes, worſhipful Fieſt, thou'ſt feel what it portends by and by.

Mull. And what more news? You ſhave the World, eſpecially you Barber-Surgeons, you know the ground of many things, you are cunning privy ſearchers, by the maſs you ſcoure all: what more news?

Coc. They ſay, Sir, that 25. couple of *Spaniſh* Jennets are to be ſeen hand in hand dance the old meaſures, whilſt ſix goodly *Flaunders* Mares play to them on a noyſe of flutes.

Mull. O monſtrous! this is a lye a my word, nay, and this be not a lye, I am no fool I warrant; nay, make an Aſs of me once ——

Coc. Shut your Eyes cloſe, wink, ſure, Sir, this Ball will make you ſmart.

Mull. I do wink.

Coc. Your Head will take cold.

[Cocledemoy *puts on a Coxcomb on* Mulligrubs *Head*

I will put on your good worſhips Night-cap, whilſt I ſhave you; ſo, mum: hang toaſts, faugh, viah, ſparrows muſt peck, and *Cocledemoy* munch.

Mull. Ha, ha, ha; 25. couple of *Spaniſh* Jennets to dance the old meaſures. *Andrew* makes my worſhip laugh, i'faith, doſt

dost take me for an Ass, *Andrew*? Dost know one *Cocledemoy* in Town? He made me an Ass last Night, but I'le Ass him; art thou free, *Andrew*? Shave me well, I shall be one of the common Councel shortly, and then, *Andrew*, why *Andrew*, *Andrew*, dost leave me in the suds? [*Cantat.*

Why *Andrew*, I shall be blind with winking. Ha, *Andrew*, Wife, *Andrew*; what means this? Wife, my money, Wife.

Enter Mistress Mulligrub.

Mistress Mul. What's the noise with you? What ayl you?

M. *Mul.* Where's the Barber?

Mrs. *Mul.* Gone, I saw him depart long since; why, are you not trim'd?

M. *Mul.* Trim'd; O, Wife, I am shav'd; did you take hence the money?

Mrs. *Mul.* I toucht it not, as I am Religious.

M. *Mul.* O Lord, I have wink'd fair,

Enter Holifernes.

Hol. I pray, God-Father, give me your Blessing.

M. *Mul.* O, *Holifernes*; O, where's thy mother's *Andrew*?

Hol. Blessing, God-Father.

M. *Mul.* The Devil choak thee; where's *Andrew*, thy mothers man?

Hol. My Mother hath none such, forsooth.

Mul. My money, 15. *l.* plague of all *Andrews*; who wast trim'd me?

Hol. I know not, God-Father, only one met me, as I was coming to you, and borrowed my Furniture, as he said, for a jest sake.

Mul. What kind of Fellow?

Hol. A thick, elderly, stub-bearded Fellow.

Mul. Cocledemoy, Cocledemoy, raise all the wise men in the street, I'le hang him with mine own hands: O, Wife, some *Rosa-Solis*.

Mrs. *Mul.* Good Husband take comfort in the Lord, I'le play the Devil, but I'le recover it, have a good Conscience, 'tis but a weeks cutting in the Term.

Mul. O Wife, O Wife! O *Jack*, how does thy mother? Is there any Fidlers in the House?

Mrs. *Mul.* Yes, M. *Creakes* noise.

Mul. Bid e'm play, laugh, make merry, cast up my accounts,

for

for I'le go hang my self presently, I will not curse, but a pox on *Cocledemoy*, he has pol'd and shav'd me, he has trim'd me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Master Garnish, *and* Lionel: *Master* Mulligrub *with a standing Cup in one hand, and an Obligation in the other,* Cocledemoy *stands at the other door disguised like a* French *Pedler, and over-hears them.*

Mul. I am not at this time furnished, but there's my Bond for your Plate.

Gar. Your Bill had been sufficient, y'are a good man; a standing Cup, parcel gilt, of 32 Ounces, 11 pound, 7 shillings, the first of *July*, good Plate, good man, good day, good all.

Mul. 'Tis my hard Fortune, I will hang the Knave; no, first he shall half rot in Fetters in the Dungeon, his Conscience made despairful, I'le hire a Knave a purpose, shall assure him he is damn'd, and after see him with mine own eyes, hang'd without singing any Psalm. Lord, that he has but one Neck.

Gar. You are too Tyrannous, you'l use me no further.

Mul. No, Sir, lend me your Servant, onely to carry the Plate home; I have occasion of an hours absence.

Gar. With ease consent, Sir, hast and be careful.

[*Exit* Garnish.

Mul. Be very careful, I pray thee, to my Wives own hands.

Lion. Secure your self.

Mul. To her own hand.

Lion. Fear not, I have delivered greater things then this, to a Womans own hand.

Coc. Monsieur, please you to buy a fine dilicate Ball, sweet Ball, a Camphyr Ball.

Mul. Prethee away.

Coc. One a Ball to scour, a scouring Ball, a Ball to be shaved.

Mul. For the love of God talk not of shaving, I have been shaved, mischief and a 1000 Devils cease him, I have been shaved. [*Exit* Mullig.

Coc. The Fox grows fat when he is cursed, I must draw a Lot for the great Goblet. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Miſtreſs Mulligrub, *and* Lionel *with a goblet. he delivers it, and Exit.*

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. Fair hour to you, Miſtreſs.

Mrs. *Mul.* Fair hour, fine term, faith I'le ſcore it up anon, a beautiful thought to you, Sir.

Coc. Your Husband, and my Maſter, Mr. *Garniſh*, has ſent you a Jole of freſh Salmon, and they both will come to Dinner to ſeaſon your new Cup with the beſt Wine, which Cup your Husband intreats you to ſend back by me, that his Arms may be graved a the ſide, which he forgot before it was ſent.

Mrs. *Mul.* By what token, are you ſent by no token? Nay, I have wit.

Coc. He ſent me by the ſame token, that he was dry ſhaved this morning.

Mrs. *Mul.* A ſad token, but true, here, Sir, I pray you commend me to your Maſter, but eſpecially to your Miſtreſs, tell them they ſhall be moſt cincerely welcome.

[*Exit.*

Coc. Shall be moſt ſincerely welcome, worſhipful *Cocledemoy*, lurk cloſe, hang toaſts, be not aſhamed of thy Quality, every mans turd ſmells well in's own Noſe, vaniſh Foyſt.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Mulligrub, *with Servants and Furniture for the Table.*

Mrs. *Mul.* Come, ſpread theſe Table Diaper Napkins.

Enter Maſter Mulligrub.

Mrs. What, are they come?

Mul. Come, who come?

Mrs. You need not mak't ſo ſtrange.

Mul. Strange?

Mrs. Is ſtrange, you know no man that ſent me word, that he and his Wife would come to dinner to me, and ſent this Jole of freſh Salmon before hand?

Mul. Peace, not I, peace, the meſſenger hath miſtaken the Houſe, let's eat it up quickly before it be enquir'd for I fit to it ſome Vinegar, quick, ſome good luck yet, faith, never taſted Salmon reliſht better, oh when a man feeds at other mens coſt.

Mrs. Other mens coſt? Why, did not you ſend this Jole of Salmon?

Mul. No.

Mrs. By Maſter *Garniſh* man?

Mul. No.

Mrs. Sending me word, that he and his Wife would come to Dinner to me.

Mul. No, no.

Mrs. To ſeaſon my new Boul?

Mul. Boul?

Mrs. And withal will'd me to ſend the Boul back?

Mul. Back?

Mrs. That you might have your Arms grav'd on the ſide?

Mul. Ha?

Mrs. By the ſame token you were dry ſhaven this morning before you went forth.

Mul. Pah, how this Salmon ſtinks.

Mrs. And thereupon ſent the Boul back, prepared Dinner: Nay, and I bear not a brain.

Mul. Wife, do not vex me; is the Boul gone, is it deliver'd?

Mrs. Deliver'd? yes ſure, 'tis deliver'd.

Mul. I will never more ſay my prayers, do not make me mad, 'tis common, let me not cry like a Woman; is it gone?

Mrs. Gone? God is my witneſs, I delivered it with no Intention to be couzen'd on't, then the Child new born, and yet ——

Mul. Look to my Houſe, I am haunted with evil Spirits; hear me, do, hear me, if I have not my Goblet again, I'le go to the Devil, I'le to a Conjurer; look to my Houſe, I'le raiſe all the wiſe men i'th' ſtreet. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Deliver us, what words are theſe! I truſt in God he is but drunk ſure.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. I muſt have the Salmon to worſhip *Cocledemoy*, now for the maſter-piece, God bleſs thy Neck-piece, and *Fontra*, fair Miſtreſs, my Maſter ——

Mrs. Have I caught you, what *Roger*?

Coc. Peace, good Miſtreſs, I'le tell you all, a jeſt, a very meer

meer jeſt, your Husband onely took ſport to fright you, the Boul's at my Maſters, and there is your Husband, who ſent me in all haſte, leſt you ſhould be over-frighted with his feigning, to entreat you come to Dinner to him.

Mrs. Praiſe Heaven it is no worſe.

Coc. And deſired me, to deſire you to ſend the Jole of Salmon before, and your ſelf to come after to them, my Miſtreſs would be right glad to ſee you.

Mrs. I pray carry it: and now thank them intirely: Bleſs me, I was never ſo out of my skin in my Life; pray thank your Miſtreſs moſt intirely.

Coc. So now *Figo*, worſhipful *Mall Faugh* and I will mounch, Cheaters and Bawds go together like waſhing and wringing. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Beſhrew his heart for his Labour, how every thing about me quivers; what, *Chriſtian*, my Hat and Apron; here, take my ſleeves, and how I tremble; ſo, I'le goſſip it now for't, that's certain, here has been Revolutions and falſe fires indeed.

Enter Mulligrub.

Mul. Whither now? What's the matter with you now? Whither are you a gadding?

Mrs. Come, come, play the Fool no more; will you go?

Mul. Whither, in the rank name of madneſs, whither?

Mrs. Whither? Why, to Maſter *Garniſh*, to eat the Jole of Salmon; Lord, how ſtrange you make it!

Mul. Why ſo, why ſo?

Mrs. Why ſo; why, did not you ſend the ſelf-ſame Fellow for the Jole of Salmon, that had the Cup?

Mul. 'Tis well, tis very well.

Mrs. And willed me to come and eat with you at the Goldſmiths.

Mul. O I, I, I, art in thy right wits?

Mrs. Do you here, make a Fool of ſome body elſe, and you make an Aſs of me, I'le make an Ox of you, do you ſee?

Mul. Nay, Wife, be patient, for look you, I may be mad, or drunk, or ſo; for mine own part, though you can bear more then I, yet I can do well; I will not curſe, nor

care I, but Heaven knows what I think. Come, let's go hear some musick, *I* will never more say my prayers: Let's go hear some doleful musick: nay, if Heaven forget to prosper Knaves, *I'le* go no more to the Synagogue. Now *I* am discontented, I'le turn Sectary, that is fashion.

[*Exeunt.*

Wa, ha, ho. [Cocle. *within.*

Enter Mulligrub.

Mul. It was his voice, 'tis he: He sups with his cupping glasses. 'Tis late, he must pass this way: I'le ha him, I'le ha my fine Boy, my worshipful *Cocledemoy*, I'le moy him; he shall be hang'd in lowsie linnen, I'le hire some Sectary to make him an Heretick before he dye; and when he is dead I'le pisse on his Grave.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. Ah, my fine puncks, good Night, *Frank Frailty*, frail a Frail-Hall. *Bonus noches my ubiquitari.*

Mul. Ware polling and shaving, Sir.

Coc. A wolf, a wolf, a wolf. [*Exit* Cocledemoy, *Leaving his Cloak behind him.*

Mul. Here's something yet, a Cloak, a Cloak, yet I'le after, he cannot scape the Watch, I'le hang him if I have any mercy, I'le slice him. [*Exit.*

Enter Cocledemoy.

Const. Who goes there? Come before the Constable.

Coc. Bread a God, Constable, you are a Watch for the Devil, honest men are rob'd under your Nose; there's a false Knave in the habit of a Vintner, set upon me, he would have had my Purse, but I took me to my heels: Yet he got my Cloak, a plain stuff Cloak, poor, yet 'twill serve to hang him. 'Tis my loss, poor man that I am.

Enter Mulligrub *running with* Cocledemoy's *Cloak.*

2. Masters, we must watch better; is't not strange, that Knaves, Drunkards, and Thieves should be abroad, and yet we of the Watch, Scriveners, Smiths, and Taylors never stir.

1. Heark, who goes there?

Mul. An honest man, and a Citizen.

2. Appear, appear, what are you?

Mul. A simple Vintner.

1. A

1. A Vintner, ha, and ſimple; draw nearer, draw nearer: Here's the Cloak.

2. I, maſter Vintner, we know you; a plain ſtuff Cloak: 'Tis it.

1. Right, come: Oh thou varlet, doſt not thou know that the wicked cannot ſcape the eyes of the Conſtable.

Mul. What means this violence, as I am an honeſt man, I took the Cloak.

1. As you are a Knave, you took the Cloak, we are your witneſſes for that.

Mul. But hear me, hear me, I'le tell you what I am.

2. A Thief you are.

Mul. I tell you my Name is *Mulligrub.*

1. *I* will grub you, in with him to the ſtocks, there let him ſit till to morrow morning, that Juſtice *Quodlibet* may examine him.

Mul. Why but I tell thee.

2. Why but I tell thee, we'l tell thee now.

Mul. Am I not mad, am I not an Aſs? Why ſcabs, Gods-foot, let me out.

2. *I, I,* let him prate, he ſhall find matter in us ſcabs *I* warrant: Gods-ſo, what good members of the Common-wealth do we prove.

1. Prethee peace, lets remember our Duties, and let's go ſleep in the fear of God. [*Exeunt.*

Having left Mulligrub *in the ſtocks.*

Mul. Who goes there? *I*llo, ho, ho: zounds ſhall I run mad, loſe my wits, ſhall *I* be hang'd; heark, who goes there? Do not fear to be poor *Mulligrub,* thou haſt a ſure ſtock now.

Enter Cocledemoy *like a Bell-man.*

Coc. The Night grows old
And many a Cuckold is now. Wha, ha, ha, ho,
Maids on their backs,
Dream of ſweet ſmacks, and warm: Wo, ho, ho, ho;
I muſt go comfort my venerable *Mulligrub, I* muſt
Fiddle him till he ſift: fough:
Maids in your Night-rails,
Look well to your light ——
Keep cloſe your locks,
And down your ſmocks,
Keep a broad eye.
And a cloſe thigh; excellent, excellent, excellent; who's there?

there? Now Lord, Lord (maſter *Mulligrub*) deliver us, what does your worſhip in the ſtocks? *I* pray come out, Sir.

Mul. Zounds man, *I* tell thee *I* am lockt.

Coc. Lockt? O world, O men, O time, O night, that canſt not diſcern virtue and wiſdom, and one of the common Councel; what is your worſhip in for?

Mul. For (a plague on't) ſuſpition of Felony.

Coc. Nay, and it be but ſuch a trifle, Lord, *I* could weep to ſee your good worſhip in this taking: Your worſhip has been a good Friend to me, and though you have forgot me, yet *I* knew your Wife before ſhe was married, and ſince *I* have found your worſhips Door open, and *I* have knockt, and God knows what *I* have ſaved; and do I live to ſee your worſhip ſtockt!

Mul. Honeſt Bell-man, *I* perceive thou knoweſt me,
I prethee call the Watch,
*I*nform the Conſtable of my Reputation,
That *I* may no longer abide in this ſhameful habitation,
And hold thee, all *I* have about me. [*Gives him his Purſe.*

Co. 'Tis more then *I* deſerve, Sir; let me alone for your delivery.

Mul. Do, and then let me alone with *Cocledemoy*, *I*'le moy him.

Coc. Maids in your——
Maſter Conſtable, who's that i'th' ſtocks?

1. One for Robbery, one *Mulligrub*, he calls himſelf *Mulligrub*; knoweſt thou him?

Coc. Know him? O maſter Conſtable, what good Service ha you done; Know him? He's a ſtrong Thief, his Houſe has been ſuſpected for a Bawdy Tavern a great while, and a receipt for Cut-purſes, 'tis moſt certain; he has been long in the black book, and is he tane now?

2. Berlady my maſters we'l not truſt the ſtocks with him, we'l have him to the Juſtices, get a *mittimus* to *Newgate* preſently. Come, Sir, come on, Sir.

[*The Conſtable drags away* Mulligrub,
Enter Cocledemoy *like a Serjeant.*

Coc. So, I have loſt my Serjeant in an ecliptique miſt, drunk, horrible drunk, he is fine: ſo now will I fit my ſelf, I hope this habit will do me no harm, I am an honeſt man already: fit, fit, fit as a puncks tail, that ſerves every body: By this time my Vintner thinks of nothing but Hell and Sulphur,

phur, he farts fire and brimſtone already; hang toaſts, the Execution approacheth. [*Exit.*

Enter Mulligrub, *Mrs.* Mulligrub, Cocledemoy, *and Officers.*

Offic. On afore there; room for the Priſoners.

Mul. I pray you do not lead me to Execution through *Cheap-ſide*, I owe Miſter *Garniſh* the Gold-ſmith money, and I fear he'l ſet a Serjeant on my back for it.

Mrs. O Husband, I little thought you ſhould have come to think on God thus ſoon; nay, and you had been hang'd deſervedly, it would never have grieved me; I have known of many honeſt innocent men have been hang'd deſervedly; but to be caſt away for nothing.

Coc. Good Woman hold your peace, your prittles and your prattles; your bibbles and your babbles, for I pray you hear me in private; I am a Widdower, and you almoſt a Widdow, ſhall I be welcome to your Houſes, to your Tables, and your other things?

Mrs. I have a piece of mutton, and a feather Bed for you at all times.

Mul. I do here make my Confeſſion; If I owe any man any thing, I do heartily forgive him: If any man owe me any thing, let him pay my Wife.

Coc. I will look to your Wives payment I warrant you,

Mul. And now good Yoke-fellow leave thy poor *Mulligrub.*

Mrs. Nay, then I were unkind i'faith, I will not leave you untill I ſee you hang'd.

Coc. But Brothers, Brothers, you muſt think of your ſins and iniquities; you have been a broacher of prophane Veſſels, you have made us drink of the juice of the Whore of *Babylon*, for whereas good Ale, *Perrys*, *Bragets*, *Siders*, and *Metheglins*, was the true Ancient, *Britiſh*, and *Trojan* Drinks; you ha brought in Popiſh Wines, *Spaniſh* Wines, *French* Wines, *tam marti quam mercurio*, both Muskadine and Malmeſy, to the ſubverſion, ſtaggering, and ſometimes over-throw of many a good Chriſtian: You ha been a great Jumbler; O remember the ſins of your Nights, for your Night-works ha been unſavoury in the taſt of your Cuſtomers.

Mul. I confeſs, I confeſs; and I forgive as I would be forgiven. Do you know one *Cocledemoy*?

Coc. O very well: Know him? An honeſt man he is and

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a comely, an upright dealer with his Neighbours, and their wives speak good things of him.

Mul. Well, whereſoere he is, or whatſoere he is, I'le take it on my death he's the cauſe of my hanging; I heartily forgive him, and if he would come forth, he might ſave me, for he onely knows the why, and the wherefore.

Coc. You do from your hearts, and midrifs, and intrails forgive him then; you will not let him rot in ruſty Irons, procure him to be hang'd in lowſie Linnen without a Song, and after he is dead, piſs on his Grave.

Mul. That hard heart of mine has procured all this; but I forgive as I would be forgiven.

Coc. Hang toaſts, my worſhipful *Mulligrut*, behold thy *Cocledemoy*, my fine Vintner, my caſtrophonical fine Boy, behold and ſee.

1. *Gent.* Bliſs a the bleſſed, who would but look for two Knaves here?

Coc. No Knave, worſhipful Friend, no Knave, for obſerve, honeſt *Cocledemoy* reſtores what he has got, to make you know, that whatſoere he has done, has been only *Euphoniæ gratia*, for Wits ſake: I acquit this Vintner, as he has acquitted me; all has been done for *Emphaſes* of wit, my fine Boy, my worſhipful Friends.

1. *Gent.* Go, you are a flattering Knave.

Coc. I am ſo, 'tis a good thriving Trade, it comes forward better then the ſeven Liberal Sciences, or the nine Cardinal Virtues, which may well appear in this, you ſhall never have flattering Knave turn Courtier: And yet I have read of many Courtiers that have turn'd flattering Knaves.

2. *Gent.* Was't even but ſo? Why then all's well.

Mul. I could even weep for joy.

Mrs. I could weep too, but God knows for what.

Coc. And now my very fine *Heliconian* Gallants, and you my Worſhipful Friends in the middle Region:

If with content our hurtleſs mirth hath been,
Let your pleas'd minds as our much care be ſeen:
For he ſhall find that ſlights ſuch trivial wit,
'Tis eaſier to reprove, then better it:
We ſcorn to fear, and yet we fear to ſwell,
We do not hope 'tis beſt: 'Tis all, if well. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Apr 17 1913